



## PREFACE.

THIS edition of the idylls of *The Marriage of Geraint* and *Geraint and Enid* is intended to be uniform with that of *The Coming of Arthur* and *The Passing of Arthur* by Mr. F. J. Rowe, of the Presidency College, Calcutta, and with my edition of *Gareth and Lynette*. For a general account of Tennyson and his poetry I may be permitted to refer to Mr. Rowe's Introductions, to which I must also acknowledge obligation for several suggestive remarks. In preparing the Notes I have occasionally found Brightwell's *Concordance to Tennyson* of service, notwithstanding its omissions, which are especially observable in the idyll of *Enid*; while for etymologies I have constantly given references to Dr. Skeat's *Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, a book which might with advantage be put into the hands of every student of English. In quotations from Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion* I have referred to the edition of 1877.



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## INTRODUCTION.

THE *Idylls of the King* should be regarded as one poem, the most important of Tennyson's works. This poem has something of the effect of an Epic, but is not thrown into that form of continuous narrative which belongs to the true Epic, and this difference of treatment is expressed by the title. The word 'idyll,' which originally means 'little picture,' came from its use by Theocritus (and perhaps others of the Greek pastoral poets) to designate a short picturesque poem dealing with the lives and loves of shepherds, fishermen or common people generally; and a beautiful example of this kind is given by Tennyson in the 'small sweet idyl' which occurs in the *Princess*, 'Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height.' Tennyson, however, has extended the meaning of the term so as apparently to include under it all picturesque narrative poems of moderate length, whatever their subject; and its use in the title of *Idylls of the King* serves chiefly to express the fact that in this work the subject is dealt with in a series of poems each complete in itself, and generally without direct transition of the narrative from one to another, though at the same time there is a regular progress of narrative from the first to the last, as well as a profound

unity of conception. Similarly many of the divisions of *In Memoriam* are complete in themselves, while at the same time each has a vital connection with the whole.

The work, however, has grown gradually from the poet's mind, and its unity is probably not the result of a fully preconceived plan, for perhaps no poem was ever published in so fragmentary a manner as this. It may fairly be said that the author began with the end, continued with the beginning, and ended with the middle of the story; and yet, partly from the fact that each idyll is pervaded by the consistent moral ideals of the poet, and partly from the manner in which the new elements have been successively woven in, the poem forms unquestionably an artistic whole.

The portion which first appeared of the *Idylls* was that magnificent fragment called *Morte d'Arthur*, which forms now a part of *The Passing of Arthur*, ll. 170—440. This, which was published in 1842, was introduced then as the eleventh book of a young poet's Epic *King Arthur*, of which all had been destroyed but this. We should certainly not be justified in assuming that Tennyson had himself already written an Epic upon the subject, but it is clear that the idea of such an Epic must have passed through his mind. After an interval of seventeen years, in the year 1859, were published under the title of *Idylls of the King* the four poems called *Enid*, *Vivien*, *Elaine* and *Guinevere*, which with little change, hardly any indeed except some additions to *Vivien*, form a part of the completed work under the names of *The Marriage of Geraint*, *Geraint and Enid*, *Merlin and Vivien*, *Lancelot and Elaine*, and *Guinevere*, (*Enid* having been divided into two.) In 1869 appeared *The Coming of Arthur*, *The*

*Holy Grail*, *Pelleas and Ettarre*, and *The Passing of Arthur*, the last including the *Morte d'Arthur* previously published; in 1871 *The Last Tournament*, in 1872 *Gareth and Lynette*, and finally in 1885, *Balin and Balan*, which completes the series of twelve idylls, in which *The Coming of Arthur* serves as introduction and *The Passing of Arthur* as conclusion, while the remaining ten, not being pictures of Arthur himself, but of the other personages of the romance, and of the King only indirectly through them, have as a general title *The Round Table*.

Before the appearance of the volume containing *The Holy Grail*, in 1869, it was impossible to form a conception of the work as a whole. The four idylls which first appeared seemed to be, and perhaps were, simply four independent delineations of woman's character selected from the cycle of Arthurian romance, and representing in Enid the true ideal of maidenhood and wifehood, in Vivien the type of impurity and falseness, in Elaine that of impulsive and wilful girlhood, and in Guinevere that of the erring and repentant wife. It was not therefore until the publication of the next volume that the structure and moral drift of the work began to be perceived, and the addition of *Gareth and Lynette* as the first, and *The Last Tournament* as the last of the Round Table series, made the artistic effect far more complete. In the address to the Queen which concludes the series the poet has himself indicated the moral purpose of his poem and the view which he takes of its subject:—

‘accept this old imperfect tale,  
New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul  
Rather than that gray king, whose name, a ghost,  
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,

And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still ; or him  
 Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's, one  
 Touch'd by the adulterous finger of a time  
 That hover'd between war and wantonness,  
 And crownings and dethronements.'

We are not, therefore, to look in the *Idylls* for a historical presentation of the Celtic Arthur, nor yet for a reproduction of the hero of medieval chivalry, such as we find him in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Britonum* or in Malory's *Morte Darthur*: the framework of the old legends is used, but the tale is in its essentials modern ; and to find fault with the poet for making his heroes think the thoughts and speak the language of the nineteenth century is as much out of place as to find fault with the authors of the romances of *Merlin* and *Lancelot* for making their heroes, whom they imagine to have lived in the fifth century, think and speak like men and women of the thirteenth and fourteenth.

The tale then, for a single tale it is, and not a series of tales loosely strung together, has a definite moral aim. It is not an allegory, for the characters are men and women, and not personified qualities, but it has a spiritual meaning, it shadows 'Sense at war with Soul.' Arthur represents the moral force that works to make the dead world live, which has power for a time to accomplish its purpose, but is gradually overborne and goes down, though not utterly and for ever, for the war is one which is ever to be renewed,—

'Nay—God my Christ—I pass but shall not die.'

The hero is victorious over the external foe, he conquers rebels and heathen invaders ; his failure is due to a

more subtle enemy, to the taint of corruption which creeps in among the circle which he has gathered round him,

‘To serve as model for the mighty world,  
And be the fair beginning of a time.’

He is betrayed, and the purpose of his life is spoilt by those whom he most trusted to join with one will in his work and make it perfect :—

‘And all whereon I lean’d in wife and friend  
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm  
Reels back into the beast, and is no more.’

In *The Coming of Arthur*, which serves as an introduction, we see him established on the throne in spite of those who cried ‘Away with him! No king of ours!’ and victorious over Rome and the heathen. In *Gareth and Lynette* there is set before us the spring-time of Arthur’s glory, when the Round Table seemed to be indeed a model for the world, and Arthur himself the representative of Christ upon earth. No sensual taint has yet crept in, or at least none is yet visible; in this idyll, alone of all the twelve, Guinevere is neither mentioned nor alluded to: it is the period referred to afterwards as the time

‘When every morning brought a noble chance,  
And every chance brought out a noble knight.’

The two idylls contained in this volume, *The Marriage of Geraint* and *Geraint and Enid*, which are in fact the two parts of the original *Enid*, form a complete whole with little or no dependence on the general scheme of the *Idylls*, though they contribute to it some essential elements. They show us the first insidious approach of corruption, the beginning of the moral taint

which in the succeeding pair of idylls, *Balin and Balan* and *Vivien*, becomes painfully apparent. The relations between Lancelot and Guinevere, though as yet no loud scandal has arisen, are already matter of public surmise, and it is already rumoured that they go beyond that worship which, according to the laws of chivalry, a knight might lawfully pay to his lady, though she were the wife of another; and the suspicious temper of Geraint readily believes the rumours against the queen, as he also readily conceives suspicion even of his wife. We see not so much the evil of the moral taint itself, as its effect in producing vague uneasiness in souls to which it is abhorrent, and arousing suspicion which lights even on the truest and purest. Already the evil which is at last to destroy the whole work of Arthur's life has advanced far enough to drive one of his best knights wild with jealousy, and to send him on a quest of adventures quite out of harmony with the serious purpose of the King. And yet at the same time the court of Arthur has not lost its elevating influence, nay the queen herself still bears a part in the work—witness the conversion of Edyrn, which is ascribed partly to her, though the example of Balin in the succeeding idyll shows on how uncertain a foundation such work must rest. All that we can see at present in the way of actual degeneration is a certain growing vanity and superficiality. This affects even the best and noblest to some extent, and is evidenced in these idylls by the importance which Geraint attaches to dress and outward show, notwithstanding his high standard of honour and purity: see note on *Geraint and Enid*, 40. The first principal element contributed by the *Enid* idylls to

the general scheme of the poem consists in these various indications that all is not well; and the second is the person of Enid herself, whom we need as an ideal of pure and loyal wifehood, to stand as a foil not so much to Vivien, against whom she is sometimes set as a contrast,<sup>1</sup> as to Guinevere herself.

The story, which was widely known in the 13th century under the form which it received from Chrestien de Troyes, seems to have served as a kind of stock example of the marriage of one of high degree with a lowly but beautiful maiden, and of the trials which she experienced and successfully surmounted. This is essentially a domestic subject, more or less after the style of *Griseldis*, and although in Tennyson's treatment of it it is brought into relation with the heroic theme of the *Idylls* at several points, yet these poems are nearer to the level of common life than the rest of the idylls, and often recall the style of *Enoch Arden*. They have, in fact, more of the true idyllic character than the rest, and are rich in examples of the picturesque style of the author. He has leisure, as it were, to dwell upon the details of his subject, and they come out,

‘Fine as ice-ferns on January panes  
Made by a breath.’

On the other hand, there is less of the representative rhythm which is so characteristic of Tennyson, less also of alliteration, and more perhaps of studied repetition, than in the more recently published idylls.

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<sup>1</sup> ‘And saw the Queen, who sat betwixt her best  
Enid, and lissome Vivien, of her court  
The vilest and the worst.’—*Guinevere*, 27.



Tennyson is perhaps the 'most picturesque of' all English poets. If we compare him with Spenser, for example, with whom he has considerable affinity, we shall be all the more struck with the truth and completeness of background and surroundings which he gives to his figures, and that too by a few magical touches which set the whole vividly before our minds, while the older poet, picturesque as he too is in a certain sense, too often endeavours to conjure up impossible scenery by long enumeration of details. Tennyson is incapable of the carelessness of observation and description which we find in Spenser. He sees the scene with unsurpassable accuracy and with the eye of an artist, and is able to grasp its essential features and sum them up for us in phrases which have all the effect of a revelation. Of such descriptions in the idylls with which we are concerned we may note especially that of Geraint sleeping with Enid sitting beside the couch, of Geraint's entrance into the court of Earl Yniol's ruined castle, of Enid sleeping

' With her fair head in the dim yellow light  
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and of Enid weeping beside the way over the wounded and unconscious Geraint. With a view to this characteristic it is worth while to pay special attention to the similes of the poem. Like Virgil's, they are pictures, each complete itself, however slightly sketched, and have a degree of living accuracy in representing the forms and colours of nature, which no ancient poet even conceived of, and hardly any modern poet has attained to the same extent as Tennyson. Often too we shall

observe, as in Virgil, a singular aptness of detail, which invites us to apply the comparison more closely than at first we should be disposed to do, and shows with what artistic care they have been elaborated, simple as they may seem to be. \* Of the picturesque simile there are many examples in these idylls,—

e.g., *Marriage of Geraint*, 76 :—

‘arms on which the standing muscle sloped,  
As slopes a wild brook o’er a little stone,  
Running too vehemently to break upon it,’

334 :—

‘So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint ;  
And made him like a man abroad at morn  
When first the liquid note beloved of men  
Comes flying over many a windy wave  
To Britain, and in April suddenly  
Breaks from a coppice gemm’d with green and red,’ etc.

734 :—

‘Then, as the white and glittering star of morn  
Parts from a bank of snow, and by and by  
Slips into golden cloud, the maiden rose,  
And left her maiden couch, and robed herself,’

*Geraint and Enid*, 170 :—

‘for as one,  
That listens near a torrent mountain-brook,  
All thro’ the crash of the near cataract hears  
The drumming thunder of the huger fall  
At distance, were the soldiers wont to hear  
His voice in battle,’

467 :—

‘But at the flash and motion of the man  
They vanish’d panic-stricken, like a shoal  
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn  
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot

Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,  
 But if a man who stands upon the brink  
 But lift a shining hand against the sun,  
 There is not left the twinkle of a fin  
 Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower ;'

686 :—

'a splendid silk of foreign loom,  
 Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue  
 Play'd into green, and thicker down the front'  
 With jewels than the sward with drops of dew,  
 When all night long a cloud clings to the hill,  
 And with the dawn ascending lets the day  
 Strike where it clung : so thickly hung the gems.'

These instances may suffice as illustrations of the poet's peculiar wealth of apt and picturesque comparison, and they are but a few of the many examples which might be found of picturesque simile or metaphor (for metaphor is but compressed simile) in the two idylls of Geraint. By a reviewer of the first four *Idylls of the King*, speaking of 'Mr. Tennyson's extraordinary felicity and force in the use of metaphor and simile,' it was well said :—'With regard to this particular and very critical gift, he may challenge comparison with almost any poet, either of ancient or modern times. . . . Metaphor lies by metaphor as thick as shells upon their bed, yet each individually with its outline as well drawn, its separateness as clear, its form as true to nature, and with the most full and harmonious contribution to the general effect.' (*Quarterly Review*, Oct., 1859.)

The same critic writes :—'Mr. Tennyson practices largely, and with extraordinary skill and power, the art of designed and limited repetitions. . . . These

repetitions tend at once to give more definite impressions of character, and to make firmer and closer the whole tissue of the poem.' This is in fact one of the most marked features of Tennyson's style, and the poems before us are full of examples of it. It must be noted, however, that though the effect is often produced by the repetition of precisely the same form of words, it depends perhaps still more often upon a certain monotony of structure and of rhythm. Take for example the following lines of the *May Queen*—

'O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,  
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,  
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,  
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.'

The wonderful power and beauty of this climax is almost entirely due to the repetition of the same structure;<sup>1</sup> and throughout Tennyson's poetry, especially

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<sup>1</sup> It need hardly be said that this method of heightening the effect is familiar in all poetry, and, indeed, in one form or another, it is perhaps the most characteristic outward difference between poetry and prose. The Hebrew parallelism is only a particular development of it, and both rhyme and alliteration are due to the same craving for recurrence which finds satisfaction in repetition of the same words or of the same form of structure. Good examples of this last may be found in Milton, e.g. *Paradise Lost*, 4, 641 ff. :—

'Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night

in the more lyrical parts of it, in *The Lotos-eaters*, *Locksley Hall*, *Maud*, we find this characteristic one of the most prominent features of his style. Examples of it are found rather more sparingly in the *Idylls of the King*, but here too we recognise it, and especially in those of the idylls which were published first. We may take as examples in *The Marriage of Geraint* the passage beginning,

‘Forgetful of his promise to the King,’ ll. 50-54,

and 719-722 :—

‘For though ye won the prize of fairest fair ;  
And tho’ I heard him call you fairest fair ’ etc.

Also *Geraint and Enid*, 579-589 :—

‘So for long hours sat Enid by her lord,  
There in the naked hall, propping his head,  
And chafing his pale hands, and calling to him.  
Till at the last he waken’d from his swoon,  
And found his own dear bride propping his head,  
And chafing his faint hands, and calling to him ;  
And felt the warm tears falling on his face ;  
And said to his own heart, “ She weeps for me : ”  
And yet lay still, and feign’d himself as dead,  
That he might prove her to the uttermost,  
And say to his own heart, “ She weeps for me.” ’

With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :  
But neither breath of morn when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun  
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;  
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night  
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,  
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.’

680-683 :—

‘ I love that beauty should go beautifully :  
 For see ye not my gentlewomen here,  
 How gay, how suited to the house of one  
 Who loves that beauty should go beautifully ? ’

697-706 :—

‘ In this poor gown my dear lord found me first,  
 And loved me serving in my father’s hall :  
 In this poor gown I rode with him to court,  
 And there the Queen array’d me like the sun :  
 In this poor gown he bad me clothe myself,  
 When now we rode upon this fatal quest  
 Of honour, where no honour can be gain’d :  
 And this poor gown I will not cast aside  
 Until himself arise a living man,  
 And bid me cast it. ’

Other instances will be found in *Marriage of Geraint*, 234, 239, 289, 483, 549, 647 ff.; *Geraint and Enid*, 135, 420, 430 (compared with *Marriage of Geraint*, 773), 952 (compared with *Marriage of Geraint*, 42).

With regard to the use of blank verse, the practice of Tennyson is in agreement with that of Milton. No one has used rhyme with more skill and effect than Tennyson in his lyrical and ballad poetry, but as Milton discarded in *Paradise Lost* ‘ the troublesome and modern bondage of riming,’ and chose blank verse as more suitable for a long epic or narrative poem, so Tennyson, in all his longer poems of a narrative kind, as *Enoch Arden*, *The Princess*, and *The Idylls of the King*, has adopted blank verse; and he has fairly proved himself to be the greatest master of English blank verse since Milton. Tennyson’s blank verse is almost always

dignified, never slovenly, and endlessly various in its rhythmical modulation, and in its adaptability to the subjects upon which it is employed. His alliteration is most skilful and delicate, so that often we only feel its presence without perceiving where it is, or are conscious of a certain subtle harmony without realizing to what particular source it is due. That this is no mean merit we shall easily admit, if we bear in mind how dangerous a weapon alliteration is apt to be in any but a master hand, and how frequent has been the abuse of it, even by such a poet as Spenser, and much more by those of our own time. In these idylls alliteration is more sparingly employed than in others which have been published since, but as examples of the effect of it we may quote *Marriage of Geraint*, 326 ff.:—

‘ And while he waited in the castle court,  
The voice of Enid, Yniol’s daughter, rang  
Clear thro’ the open casement of the hall,  
Singing ; and as the sweet voice of a bird,  
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,  
Moves him to think,’ etc.

*Geraint and Enid*, 274 ff.:—

‘ And midmost of a rout of roisterers,  
Femininely fair and dissolutely pale,  
Her suitor in old years before Geraint,  
Enter’d, the wild lord of the place, Limours.  
He moving up with pliant courtliness,  
Greeted Geraint full face, but stealthily,  
In the mid-warmth of welcome and graspt hand,  
Found Enid with the corner of his eye,  
And knew her sitting sad and solitary.’

762 ff. :—

‘And never yet, since high in Paradise  
O’er the four rivers the first roses blew,  
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind  
Than lived thro’ her, who in that perilous hour •  
Put hand to hand beneath her husband’s heart,  
And felt him hers again.’

Of imitative rhythm the most marked examples are pointed out in the notes to *Marriage of Geraint*, 208, 282; *Geraint and Enid*, 90, 160-164, 379, 529 ff., 726.

With regard to the diction of these poems, it is characterized, as is usual with Tennyson, by the not unfrequent use of words which belong rather to the older English than to that of the present day, and, in general, by avoidance of the commonplace in expression. But the most remarkable feature about the diction of the *Idylls*, a feature which they share with most of Tennyson’s other poetry, is its extreme simplicity; a result which has been attained partly by careful selection of native English words in preference to those of French or Latin origin, wherever the former can be used without obscurity or the appearance of affectation, and partly by the choice of the simplest and most popular among the words of foreign origin, wherever these are employed. It would be absurd to pretend that there are not hundreds of words derived through French from Latin which are as simple and popular as those of native origin: ‘clear’ is as popular as ‘bright,’ ‘river’ as ‘stream,’ ‘cry’ as ‘weep,’ ‘flower’ as ‘bloom,’ and so forth; yet at the same time, since the less popular element in the language is mostly of foreign origin, it will generally happen that greater simplicity of diction



is marked by a larger number of native English words, and from this point of view it is interesting to compare the proportion in which these two classes of words are used by different writers. It was said by a critic on the publication of the first four *Idylls of the King*, that 'since the definitive formation of the English language no poetry has been written with so small an admixture of Latin as the *Idylls of the King*, and what will sound still stranger in the ears of those who have been in the habit of regarding the Latin element as essential to the dignity of poetry, no language has surpassed in epic dignity the English of these poems.' If we test this assertion, we shall find that it is not far from the truth; and the idylls since published have the same characteristic. Taking passages of a hundred lines each at random from the poems before us, we find in the *Marriage of Geraint*, 477-576, about 80 words of French or Latin origin, and in *Geraint and Enid*, 195-294, about 96: examining passages of similar length in *Gareth and Lynette*, published almost last of the idylls, we find in ll. 641-740 about 90, and in ll. 1082-1181 about 85 such words. If we compare this result with that which is given by the works of other English poets, we find that Chaucer in the first hundred lines of the *Knights Tale* has about 80 words of French origin; Shakspeare in *Midsummer Night's Dream* 2, 1, 148-247, has 90, and in *King Lear*, 2, 4, 139-238, about 110; Milton in *Paradise Lost*, 4, 598-697 (a passage in which his diction is simpler than usual), has about 145, while in *Paradise Lost*, 8, 1-100, he has at least 175<sup>1</sup>;

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<sup>1</sup> These passages and the rest are not selected as extreme cases, but as fair samples of the several varieties of style in the authors referred to.

Byron in the first hundred lines of the *Corsair* has nearly 150 ; Wordsworth in the lines on Tintern Abbey has an average of about 125 for each hundred lines, but in the *Excursion* considerably more. It will be seen that of the poets who have been mentioned after Chaucer, none but Shakspeare has nearly so small a proportion of imported words as we find in the *Idylls of the King* : a result which must certainly have been attained by a conscious endeavour on the part of Tennyson to write as far as possible in native English. Even this, however, does not give the measure of his severe simplicity of diction ; for, as has been said, many of the words which are not of native origin are quite as simple and popular as those which are originally English ; and the simplicity of Tennyson's diction is perhaps most plainly marked by the very great number of monosyllables in his verse : there are indeed so many as sometimes to endanger the smoothness of its flow, while often adding in an extraordinary degree to its force. Often in the more impassioned utterances we find an average of not more than one word in a line of more than one syllable, and sometimes a series of lines or a song is almost entirely monosyllabic. On the whole we may perhaps say that the chief distinguishing mark of Tennyson's style, the feature to which it owes its individuality more than to any other, is the combination of extreme simplicity of diction with extraordinary richness of imagery and subtlety of thought, the building up of the plainest materials into the most splendid edifices. It may well be supposed that this characteristic has largely contributed to his great popularity, notwithstanding that in many respects he has the stamp of the cultured rather than of the popular poet.

Tennyson is perhaps the 'most picturesque of' all English poets. If we compare him with Spenser, for example, with whom he has considerable affinity, we shall be all the more struck with the truth and completeness of background and surroundings which he gives to his figures, and that too by a few magical touches which set the whole vividly before our minds, while the older poet, picturesque as he too is in a certain sense, too often endeavours to conjure up impossible scenery by long enumeration of details. Tennyson is incapable of the carelessness of observation and description which we find in Spenser. He sees the scene with unsurpassable accuracy and with the eye of an artist, and is able to grasp its essential features and sum them up for us in phrases which have all the effect of a revelation. Of such descriptions in the idylls with which we are concerned we may note especially that of Geraint sleeping with Enid sitting beside the couch, of Geraint's entrance into the court of Earl Yniol's ruined castle, of Enid sleeping

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'a splendid silk of foreign loom,  
 Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue  
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 And with the dawn ascending lets the day  
 Strike where it clung : so thickly hung the gems.'

These instances may suffice as illustrations of the poet's peculiar wealth of apt and picturesque comparison, and they are but a few of the many examples which might be found of picturesque simile or metaphor (for metaphor is but compressed simile) in the two idylls of Geraint. By a reviewer of the first four *Idylls of the King*, speaking of 'Mr. Tennyson's extraordinary felicity and force in the use of metaphor and simile,' it was well said :—'With regard to this particular and very critical gift, he may challenge comparison with almost any poet, either of ancient or modern times. . . . Metaphor lies by metaphor as thick as shells upon their bed, yet each individually with its outline as well drawn, its separateness as clear, its form as true to nature, and with the most full and harmonious contribution to the general effect.' (*Quarterly Review*, Oct., 1859.)

The same critic writes :—'Mr. Tennyson practices largely, and with extraordinary skill and power, the art of designed and limited repetitions. . . . These

repetitions tend at once to give more definite impressions of character, and to make firmer and closer the whole tissue of the poem.' This is in fact one of the most marked features of Tennyson's style, and the poems before us are full of examples of it. It must be noted, however, that though the effect is often produced by the repetition of precisely the same form of words, it depends perhaps still more often upon a certain monotony of structure and of rhythm. Take for example the following lines of the *May Queen*—

'O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,  
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,  
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,  
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.'

The wonderful power and beauty of this climax is almost entirely due to the repetition of the same structure;<sup>1</sup> and throughout Tennyson's poetry, especially

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<sup>1</sup> It need hardly be said that this method of heightening the effect is familiar in all poetry, and, indeed, in one form or another, it is perhaps the most characteristic outward difference between poetry and prose. The Hebrew parallelism is only a particular development of it, and both rhyme and alliteration are due to the same craving for recurrence which finds satisfaction in repetition of the same words or of the same form of structure. Good examples of this last may be found in Milton, *e.g.* *Paradise Lost*, 4, 641 ff. :—

'Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night

in the more lyrical parts of it, in *The Lotos-eaters*, *Locksley Hall*, *Maud*, we find this characteristic one of the most prominent features of his style. Examples of it are found rather more sparingly in the *Idylls of the King*, but here too we recognise it, and especially in those of the idylls which were published first. We may take as examples in *The Marriage of Geraint* the passage beginning,

‘Forgetful of his promise to the King,’ ll. 50-54,

and 719-722 :—

‘For though ye won the prize of fairest fair ;  
And tho’ I heard him call you fairest fair’ etc.

Also *Geraint and Enid*, 579-589 :—

‘So for long hours sat Enid by her lord,  
There in the naked hall, propping his head,  
And chafing his pale hands, and calling to him.  
Till at the last he waken’d from his swoon,  
And found his own dear bride propping his head,  
And chafing his faint hands, and calling to him ;  
And felt the warm tears falling on his face ;  
And said to his own heart, “She weeps for me :”  
And yet lay still, and feign’d himself as dead,  
That he might prove her to the uttermost,  
And say to his own heart, “She weeps for me.”’

With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :  
But neither breath of morn when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun  
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;  
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night  
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,  
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.’

680-683 :—

- ‘ I love that beauty should go beautifully :
- For see ye not my gentlewomen here,
- How gay, how suited to the house of one
- Who loves that beauty should go beautifully ?’

697-706 :—

- ‘ In this poor gown my dear lord found me first,
- And loved me serving in my father’s hall :
- In this poor gown I rode with him to court,
- And there the Queen array’d me like the sun :
- In this poor gown he bad me clothe myself,
- When now we rode upon this fatal quest
- Of honour, where no honour can be gain’d :
- And this poor gown I will not cast aside
- Until himself arise a living man,
- And bid me cast it.’

Other instances will be found in *Marriage of Geraint*, 234, 239, 289, 483, 549, 647 ff.; *Geraint and Enid*, 135, 420, 430 (compared with *Marriage of Geraint*, 773), 952 (compared with *Marriage of Geraint*, 42).

With regard to the use of blank verse, the practice of Tennyson is in agreement with that of Milton. No one has used rhyme with more skill and effect than Tennyson in his lyrical and ballad poetry, but as Milton discarded in *Paradise Lost* ‘the troublesome and modern bondage of riming,’ and chose blank verse as more suitable for a long epic or narrative poem, so Tennyson, in all his longer poems of a narrative kind, as *Enoch Arden*, *The Princess*, and *The Idylls of the King*, has adopted blank verse; and he has fairly proved himself to be the greatest master of English blank verse since Milton. Tennyson’s blank verse is almost always



dignified, never slovenly, and endlessly various in its rhythmical modulation, and in its adaptability to the subjects upon which it is employed. His alliteration is most skilful and delicate, so that often we only feel its presence without perceiving where it is, or are conscious of a certain subtle harmony without realizing to what particular source it is due. That this is no mean merit we shall easily admit, if we bear in mind how dangerous a weapon alliteration is apt to be in any but a master hand, and how frequent has been the abuse of it, even by such a poet as Spenser, and much more by those of our own time. In these idylls alliteration is more sparingly employed than in others which have been published since, but as examples of the effect of it we may quote *Marriage of Geraint*, 326 ff.:—

‘And while he waited in the castle court,  
The voice of Enid, Yniol’s daughter, rang  
Clear thro’ the open casement of the hall,  
Singing; and as the sweet voice of a bird,  
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,  
Moves him to think,’ etc.

*Geraint and Enid*, 274 ff.:—

‘And midmost of a rout of roisterers,  
Femininely fair and dissolutely pale,  
Her suitor in old years before Geraint,  
Enter’d, the wild lord of the place, Limours.  
He moving up with pliant courtliness,  
Greeted Geraint full face, but stealthily,  
In the mid-warmth of welcome and graspt hand,  
Found Enid with the corner of his eye,  
And knew her sitting sad and solitary.’

762 ff. :—

‘And never yet, since high in Paradise  
O’er the four rivers the first roses blew,  
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind  
Than lived thro’ her, who in that perilous hour  
Put hand to hand beneath her husband’s heart,  
And felt him hers again.’

Of imitative rhythm the most marked examples are pointed out in the notes to *Marriage of Geraint*, 208, 282; *Geraint and Enid*, 90, 160-164, 379, 529 ff., 726.

With regard to the diction of these poems, it is characterized, as is usual with Tennyson, by the not unfrequent use of words which belong rather to the older English than to that of the present day, and, in general, by avoidance of the commonplace in expression. But the most remarkable feature about the diction of the *Idylls*, a feature which they share with most of Tennyson’s other poetry, is its extreme simplicity; a result which has been attained partly by careful selection of native English words in preference to those of French or Latin origin, wherever the former can be used without obscurity or the appearance of affectation, and partly by the choice of the simplest and most popular among the words of foreign origin, wherever these are employed. It would be absurd to pretend that there are not hundreds of words derived through French from Latin which are as simple and popular as those of native origin: ‘clear’ is as popular as ‘bright,’ ‘river’ as ‘stream,’ ‘cry’ as ‘weep,’ ‘flower’ as ‘bloom,’ and so forth; yet at the same time, since the less popular element in the language is mostly of foreign origin, it will generally happen that greater simplicity of diction

is marked by a larger number of native English words, and from this point of view it is interesting to compare the proportion in which these two classes of words are used by different writers. It was said by a critic on the publication of the first four *Idylls of the King*, that 'since the definitive formation of the English language no poetry has been written with so small an admixture of Latin as the *Idylls of the King*, and what will sound still stranger in the ears of those who have been in the habit of regarding the Latin element as essential to the dignity of poetry, no language has surpassed in epic dignity the English of these poems.' If we test this assertion, we shall find that it is not far from the truth; and the idylls since published have the same characteristic. Taking passages of a hundred lines each at random from the poems before us, we find in the *Marriage of Geraint*, 477-576, about 80 words of French or Latin origin, and in *Geraint and Enid*, 195-294, about 96: examining passages of similar length in *Gareth and Lynette*, published almost last of the idylls, we find in ll. 641-740 about 90, and in ll. 1082-1181 about 85 such words. If we compare this result with that which is given by the works of other English poets, we find that Chaucer in the first hundred lines of the *Knights Tale* has about 80 words of French origin; Shakspeare in *Midsummer Night's Dream* 2, 1, 148-247, has 90, and in *King Lear*, 2, 4, 139-238, about 110; Milton in *Paradise Lost*, 4, 598-697 (a passage in which his diction is simpler than usual), has about 145, while in *Paradise Lost*, 8, 1-100, he has at least 175<sup>1</sup>;

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<sup>1</sup> These passages and the rest are not selected as extreme cases, but as fair samples of the several varieties of style in the authors referred to.

Byron in the first hundred lines of the *Corsair* has nearly 150 ; Wordsworth in the lines on Tintern Abbey has an average of about 125 for each hundred lines, but in the *Excursion* considerably more. It will be seen that of the poets who have been mentioned after Chaucer, none but Shakspeare has nearly so small a proportion of imported words as we find in the *Idylls of the King* : a result which must certainly have been attained by a conscious endeavour on the part of Tennyson to write as far as possible in native English. Even this, however, does not give the measure of his severe simplicity of diction ; for, as has been said, many of the words which are not of native origin are quite as simple and popular as those which are originally English ; and the simplicity of Tennyson's diction is perhaps most plainly marked by the very great number of monosyllables in his verse : there are indeed so many as sometimes to endanger the smoothness of its flow, while often adding in an extraordinary degree to its force. Often in the more impassioned utterances we find an average of not more than one word in a line of more than one syllable, and sometimes a series of lines or a song is almost entirely monosyllabic. On the whole we may perhaps say that the chief distinguishing mark of Tennyson's style, the feature to which it owes its individuality more than to any other, is the combination of extreme simplicity of diction with extraordinary richness of imagery and subtlety of thought, the building up of the plainest materials into the most splendid edifices. It may well be supposed that this characteristic has largely contributed to his great popularity, notwithstanding that in many respects he has the stamp of the cultured rather than of the popular poet.

With the story of Geraint and Enid as told by Tennyson some critics have been dissatisfied on the ground of want of interest. At the same time it has been remarked that no other of the Idylls is so true to the manners of the age to which their story belongs. Such a story as this even when told by Chaucer or by Tennyson will perhaps hang rather heavily in the telling; nay, Chaucer himself felt at length the necessity of an 'ironical 'Envoy' to make his tale of Grisildis tolerable to the reader. But if we allow the charge to this limited extent, we shall certainly not admit it as regards the first part of the story, and few will be found to deny the interest of the earlier idyll or the excellent workmanship of both. Few things in poetry are more charming than the person of Enid as a maiden in her father's ruined palace. We see her, 'sweet and serviceable,' taking the guest's horse to stall, and bringing provisions from the town; preparing and serving the meal, and going about her lowly hand-maid work afterwards in the dusky hall; listening no doubt with eager interest to the conversation of the stranger knight, whose feats of arms she has heard her father praise, as Elaine listened to Lancelot, but stealing away, as Elaine perhaps would not have done, when she heard her own name mentioned; standing 'half disarrayed as to her rest' with her mother's hands upon her shoulders to hear that which Geraint had said of her, while the red and pale course alternately over her face like light and shade over an open down; standing and looking on with her meek blue eyes, 'The truest eyes that ever answer'd Heaven,' while her champion gained his victory; lying asleep early in the morning in the dim yellow light, while the shadows of the birds

in the ivy danced over her couch; waking and fearing about her faded dress and 'that strange bright and dreadful thing, a court,' then in her half sleep dreaming herself like the goldfish which was 'patched and blurr'd and lustreless' among his burnish'd brethren, and waking again to the sweet surprise of her mother's good gift recovered; arraying herself in the gorgeous gown with pleasure, and yet at once laying it aside on the wish expressed without reason given of him to whom she was transferring her obedience; and finally laying aside the faded silk, the mantle and the veil, 'folded reverently With sprigs of summer laid between the folds' in the cedarn cabinet, whence she took them when her husband bade her put on her meanest dress to go on that quest of glory where no glory was to be gained.

The story is taken from the tale of *Geraint the son of Erbin*, as translated from the Welsh of the so-called *Red Book of Hergest* by Lady Charlotte Guest, and published in 1838 with other stories from the same manuscript under the title (which apparently belongs only to some of them) of *Mabinogion*, i.e. Children's Tales. The story, however, like several others in the collection, belongs not exclusively to Welsh literature, but to the cycle of European romance; and the form under which it was best known in the Middle Ages was as told in the French metrical romance of *Erec et Enide*, a poem of 7000 eight-syllable lines by Chrestien de Troyes, the author of *Cligés*, *Yvain*, *Tristan*, the *Conte del Graal*, and *Lancelot*, who died about the beginning of the thirteenth century. Through this poem Erec and Enid became generally known as personages in the Arthurian romances, and are

often referred to in old French and Provençal poetry. The French romance was soon reproduced in German by Hartmann von Aue, who had also adapted that of *Yvain*; and the Icelandic *Erex Saga* is said to be also taken from Chrestien's poem. Besides these, there is a fourteenth century French prose version of the story, based upon the poem, but much abridged and slightly altered, which is printed together with the poem itself in the edition of the works of Chrestien de Troyes by W. Foerster (vol. 3, Halle, 1890). Into the vexed question of the relation between the Welsh story of Geraint and the French romance of Erec I do not propose to enter. Suffice it to say that they resemble one another so closely that one must certainly have been borrowed from the other, and the weight of opinion inclines to the decision that the Welsh story, at least in its present form, was taken, with some slight alteration and the introduction of some national names and local colour, from the French poem.

What has been said is sufficient to show that the story thus included by Tennyson among his tales of the Round Table is not the obscure local legend which it has sometimes been supposed to be by those whose acquaintance with Arthurian romance is limited to Malory's *Morte Darthur*, and who are apt to complain if those limits are disregarded by others. In dealing, however, with the idylls before us we are hardly concerned to go beyond the Welsh story, seeing that it is upon this that the poems are based. It seems improbable that Tennyson when he wrote *Enid* had before him any of the other reproductions of the story, most of which then existed only in manuscript; though it may be remarked that in some few instances his variations from the Welsh story

are in accordance with those which we find in the French prose version, and that too in some points where this is not in agreement with the poem upon which it is based. Thus in assigning to Geraint a nobler motive for not striking the dwarf than is given in the Welsh story, he agrees with the French prose *Erec*, which says, 'il ne l'ose ferir pour ce que celui seroit blasme s'il batoit ung naim, qu'il puelst tuer a ung seul coup,' though the verse of Chrestien makes no mention of any motive except a discreet regard for the armed knight: again, the comparison of Enid to 'a flower vermeil-white,' occurs in both the French versions but not in the Welsh: the mention by Geraint of his name to Earl Yniol, followed by Yniol's exclamation,

'Art thou indeed  
Geraint, a name far-sounded among men  
For noble deeds?

is paralleled in the French versions:—

'Ha ! biaux sire, est ce veritez ?	<i>beau</i>
Erec li fiz Iac estes vos ?	<i>le fils de Lœc</i>
Ce sui je, fet il, a estros.	
Li ostes mout s'an esjoï,	<i>s'en réjouit</i>
Et dist : Bien avomes oï	<i>avons ouï</i>
De vos parler an cest pais,' etc.,	<i>en ce pays</i>

whereas in the Welsh Geraint does not name himself at all: in the French versions the combats with robbers on the road are, as in Tennyson, two only, whereas the Welsh makes them three: the mention of the crowing of the cock in *Geraint and Enid*, 384, occurs also in the French prose version, but not in the others: and finally in l. 457 ff. Tennyson agrees with the French versions in making the overthrow of the Earl and one other sufficient



to determine the flight of the rest, whereas the Welsh story, with characteristic exaggeration, makes Geraint overthrow the whole troop one by one, and last of all the Earl. Whether these points of agreement can be all coincidences it is difficult to determine, but none of them point necessarily to the direct use by Tennyson of Chrestien de Troyes' poem.<sup>1</sup>

The following is a summary of the tale of *Geraint son of Erbin* as given in Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*, pp. 141-184 (ed. 1877):

Once Arthur held his court at Whitsuntide at Caerleon upon Usk; and on Whit-Tuesday, as the King sat at meat, there entered a youth richly dressed, who announced himself as one of the foresters of Dean, and reported that a stag had been seen in the forest, which was of pure white and did not herd with the rest. Arthur decided to hunt the stag on the morrow at dawn, and Queen Gwenhwyvar asked Arthur for permission to go and see the hunt, which was granted. Gwalchmai proposed that whosoever should slay the stag should have free leave to present his head to any lady he pleased, and Arthur accepted the proposal. On the morrow Arthur left

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<sup>1</sup> It is worth mention that in the French versions the motive of jealousy (which appears in the Welsh) is absent. Erec is moved to anger by the popular sayings, and especially against Enid who has reported them, for in the French poem Enid makes a full confession of all that is weighing on her mind; and he rides forth to show her and the world that he is not what they think him. On the occasion when the Earl, who by Tennyson is called Limours, asks leave to speak to Enid and obtains it readily, we are told that 'Erec ne fu mie jalos,' (*Erec et Enide*, 3304). There is therefore no misunderstanding at all, except so far as Enid is supposed to share the opinion which she reports.

Gwenhwyvar sleeping and went forth to the forest. When the Queen awoke, she sent a maiden to the stable to find a horse, and she found but two horses left; so •Gwenhwyvar and one of her maidens mounted them and went through the Usk, •following the track of the hunters. As they rode they heard a sound behind them, and looking round they saw a knight, Geraint the son of Erbin, riding after them in surcoat of satin and a purple scarf with golden apples, who overtook the Queen and saluted her. The Queen rejoiced that she should have so good company to watch the hunt, and they went and stood at the edge of the forest. 'From this place,' said she, 'we shall hear when the dogs are let loose.' Thereupon they heard a noise, and looking to the spot whence it came, they saw a dwarf upon a prancing horse, with a whip in his hand. And near the dwarf was a lady in a garment of gold brocade upon a beautiful white horse; and near her was a knight upon a great war horse, with heavy and bright armour on himself and on his horse. The Queen asked Geraint if he knew the knight, and Geraint replied that he did not. Then Gwenhwyvar sent her maiden to ask the dwarf who the knight was. The dwarf refused to tell, and refused to allow the maiden to ask the knight, and finally on her attempting to do so, struck her in the face with his whip so that the blood flowed forth. The maiden returned to the Queen complaining, and Geraint undertook to find out who the knight was. The same thing occurred to him, the dwarf striking him so that the blood ran down and coloured his scarf. He put his hand to the hilt of his sword, but considering the presence of the armed knight, he refrained from

vengeance and returned to the Queen, offering to follow the knight and encounter him as soon as he could obtain arms. 'Go,' said she, 'and I shall eagerly wait for tidings of thee.' 'If I am alive,' said he, 'thou shalt hear tidings by to-morrow afternoon,' and with that he departed.

The road they took was below the palace of Caerlleon, and across the ford of Usk; and they went along a fair and even and lofty ridge, till they came to a town, and at the extremity of the town was a fortress and a castle. And as the knight passed through the town, all the people saluted and welcomed him; and every house was full of men and arms and horses, and they were polishing shields and burnishing swords, and washing armour and shoeing horses. And the knight, the lady, and the dwarf rode up to the castle and were received there with great joy.

Geraint stood still for a time to see if the knight would abide there, and then he saw at a little distance an old palace in ruins, wherein was a hall that was falling into decay.

And as he knew not anyone in the town, he went towards the old palace, and when he came near he saw but one chamber, and a bridge of marble-stone leading to it. And upon the bridge he saw sitting a hoary-headed man, upon whom were tattered garments.

Seeing him thoughtful, the old man questioned him, and then invited him to enter. He left his horse in the hall, and went on to the upper chamber with the hoary-headed man.

And in the chamber he beheld an old decrepit woman sitting on a cushion, with old tattered garments of satin. . . . And

beside her was a maiden, upon whom were a vest and a veil that were old and beginning to be worn out. And truly he never saw a maiden more full of comeliness and grace and beauty than she.

At the suggestion of the old man the maiden first disarrayed the youth and then attended to the horse. After this the hoary-headed man sent her to the town to get food and liquor, and she returned with a youth who bore on his back a costrel full of mead and a quarter of a young bullock. And she carried white bread in her hand and some manchet bread in her veil. And they had the meat cooked and sat down to eat.

Then Geraint asked the hoary-headed man, to whom the ruined palace belonged, and he replied, 'It was I that built it, and to me also belonged the town and the Castle.' He then told how he had been left guardian of his brother's son, and had tried to deprive him of his property, but had been forced to give it up, and his earldom and other possessions as well. Then Geraint asked concerning the knight, lady, and dwarf, why they came to the town, and what meant all the preparations which he saw. He was told that a tournament would be held on the next day by the young Earl, and in the midst of a meadow two forks would be set up, and on the forks a silver rod, and on the rod a Sparrow-Hawk, and this was the prize of the tourney. And each knight would go thither with the lady he loved best and joust for the prize; and the knight whom Geraint had seen had won it these two years, and if he won it again the third year they would send it to him every year, and he himself would

come no more to fight for it.' And he would be called thenceforth the Knight of the Sparrow-Hawk. Then Geraint told of the insult to the Queen's maiden and to himself, and asked counsel; and the old man offered him arms, but said it was hard to know what to do, because Geraint had no lady with him. Geraint asked to be allowed to challenge for the maiden who was present, and promised to love her as long as he lived if he escaped from the tournament, and if not, she would remain unsullied as before. 'Gladly will I permit thee,' said the host, and bade him be ready by daybreak, for then the knight would make proclamation, and tell his lady to take the Sparrow-Hawk.

So at dawn they arose and went all four to the meadow. And when the proclamation was made, Geraint said, 'Fetch it not, for there is a maiden here who is fairer and more noble, and has a better claim to it than thou.' Then the knights encountered each other and broke many lances. And as the Knight of the Sparrow-Hawk seemed to have the better of the fight, the young Earl and his company rejoiced, and the hoary-headed man, his wife and his daughter were sorrowful. Then the hoary-headed man gave Geraint the lance which he had first when he was made a knight and had never broken since, and the dwarf also brought a lance to his lord. And Geraint cleft the shield of his opponent, and his girths burst, so that he and his saddle fell to the ground. Then Geraint dismounted and the other knight rose quickly, and they fought on foot. And when the hoary-headed man saw Geraint hard put to it, he went up to him and said, "Remember the treatment thou hadst from the dwarf, and avenge the insult

to thyself and to Gwenhwyvar." And Geraint was roused by what he said, and struck the knight a blow upon his head, which broke through his helmet and wounded him even to the bone. The knight besought mercy, and Geraint granted it on condition that he should go to Gwenhwyvar and do satisfaction for the insult which her maiden had received from the dwarf. 'And who art thou?' he said. 'I am Geraint the son of Erbin. And declare thou also who thou art.' 'I am Edeyrn the son of Nudd.' Then he went to Arthur's Court with the lady he loved best and the dwarf, with much lamentation.

Then the young Earl and his host saluted Geraint and bade him to his castle, but Geraint would go nowhere but where he had been the night before. So they feasted all together at the old palace, and Geraint being told that the Earl had sent garments for the old man and his wife and daughter, asked that the damsel might not array herself in them, but might wear her vest and veil till she came to the Court of Arthur, to be clad by the Queen. So the maiden did not array herself. The young Earl professed himself willing to abide by Geraint's decision regarding the difference between Yniol (for that was the old man's name) and himself. Geraint decided that Yniol should be restored to his earldom and all his proper possessions, which was done. Then Earl Yniol said to Geraint, 'Behold the maiden for whom thou didst challenge, I bestow her upon thee.' 'She shall go with me to the Court of Arthur,' said he.

Now Arthur had hunted the stag and killed him with his own hands; and they returned to the palace, and as they went the knights disputed about the head of the

stag, to whom it ought to be given; and Gwenhwyvar advised that it should not be given to any until Geraint returned, telling the King of his errand. To this Arthur agreed, and Gwenhwyvar set a watch on the ramparts for Geraint's coming. And after mid-day they beheld a dwarf, a lady, and a knight coming sorrowfully and in piteous state, and Gwenhwyvar went down to meet the knight and was sorry for him; and he told his case, and said that he had come to atone for the insult which the dwarf had done to the maiden. And then he told of the tournament (which had taken place in the town which is now called Cardiff), and reported that Geraint would return on the morrow with the maiden. Arthur also came and recognized him as Edeyrn son of Nudd, and commended him to Gwenhwyvar's mercy, and then to the care of Morgan Tud, his chief physician. The next day came Geraint with the maiden clad in a garment of linen, and Gwenhwyvar greeted them well, and took the maiden to her chamber, and gave her the choicest of her apparel; and so they were wedded. Then the stag's head was given to Enid the daughter of Yniol, and she was loved by all.

Geraint abode at Court for three years, and after that there came ambassadors out of Cornwall from Erbin his father, delivering that he was advanced in years and the neighbouring chiefs attacked him, and desiring that Geraint his son might come to protect his boundaries; for it was better to spend the prime of his age in this manner than in tournaments. So Geraint returned, and, as before, he frequented tournaments and gained much fame; till at length there was no one worth his opposing: and so he began to love ease and pleasure,

and shut himself up with his wife, and gave up hunting and the friendship of the nobles, so that they murmured against him. And Erbin told Enid of this, asking her whether it was she who caused Geraint to act thus ; but she replied that nothing was more hateful to her than this. And one morning in the summer time Geraint lay upon his couch.

And Enid was without sleep in the apartment, which had windows of glass. And the sun shone upon the couch. And the clothes had slipped from off his arms and breast, and he was asleep. Then she gazed on the marvellous beauty of his appearance, and she said, 'Alas, and am I the cause that these arms and this breast have lost their glory and the warlike fame which they once so richly enjoyed !' And as she said this the tears dropped from her eyes, and they fell upon his breast. And the tears she shed and the words she had spoken awoke him.

And he thought that it was not in thinking of him that she spoke thus, but that it was because she loved some other man and that more than him ; and Geraint was troubled in his mind, and he called his squire ; and when he came he said, 'Go quickly and prepare my horse and my arms.'

'And do thou arise,' said he to Enid, 'and apparel thyself ; and cause thy horse to be accoutred, and clothe thee in the worst riding-dress that thou hast in thy possession. And evil betide me,' said he, 'if thou return here until thou knowest whether I have lost my strength so completely as thou didst say. And if it be so, it will then be easy for thee to seek the society thou didst wish for of him of whom thou wast thinking.' So she arose, and clothed herself in her meanest garments. 'I know nothing, Lord,' said she, 'of thy meaning.' 'Neither wilt thou know at this time,' said he.

Then Geraint went to Erbin and said that he was going upon a quest, and asked him to take charge of his



dominions till his return. So he took his horse, and desired Enid to mount hers, and to ride forward and keep a long way before him, 'And whatever thou mayest see and whatever thou mayest hear concerning me,' said he, 'Do thou not turn back. And unless I speak unto thee, say not thou one word either.' And they set forward, choosing that road which was wildest and most beset by robbers. And they came to a forest and saw four horsemen come forth from it. Enid heard them propose to attack Geraint, and doubted what she should do, but decided that she ought to warn him. He was angry with her for speaking; and when the brigands attacked him he overthrew them all successively and took their arms and horses, giving Enid charge to drive them before her, and not to speak unless spoken to. Then they went forward through the forest; and when they left the forest they came to a vast plain, in the centre of which was a group of thickly-tangled copse-wood; and from out thereof they beheld three horsemen coming towards them, well equipped with armour, both they and their horses. The same thing occurred again and Enid now had three more horses to drive before her, with another injunction to keep silence. Then on coming to a forest she saw five horsemen about to attack them: again she warned, and again was rebuked, and again the horsemen were killed and their arms and horses delivered into Enid's charge. They passed the night in the forest, and next day they came to an open country, with meadows on one hand, and mowers mowing in the meadows. And there was a river before them, and the horses bent down and drank the water. And they went up out of the river by a lofty

steep ; and there they met a slender stripling, with a satchel about his neck, a small blue pitcher in his hand, and a bowl on the mouth of the pitcher. And the youth saluted Geraint and asked whence they came, and being told that they had passed the night in the forest, invited them to eat the breakfast which he was carrying to the mowers, bread and meat and wine. 'I will,' said he, 'and Heaven reward thee for it.'

So they ate and drank, and the youth asked leave to go and get more for the mowers. Geraint bade him go first to the town and hire a lodging, and to take in payment for his service a gift, whichever horse and arms he chose. And to the town went the youth, and he took the best and most pleasant lodgings he knew, and then went and told the Earl what had chanced. And after they had disarrayed themselves, Geraint thus spoke to Enid, 'Go,' said he, 'to the other side of the chamber, and come not to this side of the house ; and thou mayest call to thee the woman of the house, if thou wilt.' 'I will do, lord,' said she, 'as thou sayest.' And thereupon the man of the house came to Geraint and welcomed him. And the youth came and brought them drink, and they both slept while the youth went and reported of them to the Earl. The Earl sent to say that he would come in the evening, and Geraint woke and took food, and bade the man of the house invite whom he would of his friends to eat and drink at his cost ; and so he did.

Then came the Earl to visit Geraint, with twelve knights : and the Earl conversed with him, and then cast his eyes upon Enid, and he thought her fairer than any he had seen, and set his affections upon her.

Then he asked of Geraint, 'Have I thy permission to go and converse with yonder maiden, for I see that she is apart from thee?' 'Thou hast it gladly,' said he. So the Earl went and spake with Enid, and offered to share his earldom with her.

Enid refused, but alarmed by his threats she thought it better to bid him come and take her on the morrow. 'Come here to-morrow, and take me away as though I knew nothing thereof.' The Earl took his leave, and Enid told nothing of this to Geraint for fear of angering him and causing him uneasiness.

They went to sleep at the usual hour, and at midnight Enid arose and placed all Geraint's armour together, so that it might be ready to put on. Then she woke him, though fearful, and told him all that had passed. And although he was wroth with her, he took warning and clothed himself: and he bade her call the man of the house, of whom he asked a reckoning, and then before it was given, said, 'Take the eleven horses and the eleven suits of armour.' 'Heaven reward thee, lord,' said he; 'but I spent not the value of one suit of armour upon thee.' 'For that reason,' said he, 'thou wilt be the richer. And now, wilt thou come to guide me out of the town?' So they went forth, and he bade Enid go before him; and lo, as they went, at dawn of day, Enid looking behind her saw clouds of dust, and thought she beheld a knight appearing through the mist. She gave notice and was rebuked, as usual, and it proved to be the Earl with fourscore horsemen, all of whom Geraint successively overthrew, and last of all he fought with the Earl (whose name was Dwrn), and overthrowing him, granted him his life.

So they journeyed on and came to a valley with a river running through it, and a bridge, and on the opposite side a fortified town; and they met a man riding of whom Geraint asked who was the owner of the valley and town. 'Gwiffert Petit he is called by the Franks, but the Cymry call him the Little King.' And in passing beneath the town Geraint was overtaken by a man of very small stature on a great war-horse, who demanded why he went by that road; and they fought with one another till their horses were brought down on their knees, and then they fought on foot till their armour was broken, and the light of their eyes darkened with sweat and blood. And at last Geraint smote the other a blow on the head which cut through all and wounded him to the very bone, and he besought mercy, which Geraint granted on condition that he would always come to his aid when he heard of his being in trouble. Then Gwiffert Petit invited them to come to his Court, but Geraint refused and rode on, all wounded as he was, towards a wood. Now the heat of the sun was great, and Geraint was in pain from his wounds, so he stood under a tree to avoid the heat, and Enid stood under another tree. And they heard the sound of horns, of which the occasion was that Arthur and his company had come down to the wood. While Geraint was thinking how to avoid them, Kai the Steward came riding, and bade him come to Arthur. He refused, and Kai attacked him, not knowing who he was; and Geraint struck him with the shaft of his lance and rolled him headlong to the ground. Then Kai rode back and told Gwalchmai, who also came and questioned Geraint, not knowing him

at first. Then after they had charged one another with lances, Gwalchmai knew him for Geraint in spite of his denial, and welcomed Enid. Then Gwalchmai bade him come, and see Arthur, but he said, 'I will not, for I am not in a fit state to go and see any one.' Gwalchmai, however, sending a secret message to Arthur, contrived to make them meet, and Arthur detained him against his will to have his wounds attended to, while Enid was joyfully welcomed by Gwenhwyvar and her women.

After a month Geraint's wounds were healed, and he would go forth again: so he pursued his journey, and Enid went forward as before. By the roadside they found a woman wailing over her husband's body, who had been slain by three giants. Geraint went on to take vengeance on the giants, and left Enid with the lady. And Geraint overtook the giants and slew them, but one of them struck him with his club and opened his wounds anew, so that blood flowed from them. Then Geraint returned, and when he came to Enid he fell down lifeless from his horse. Enid gave loud cries, and at the sound of them came up Earl Limours and his host, who were journeying along the road. She told him what had happened, and he caused the dead knight to be buried, but had Geraint carried in the hollow of his shield to his court, whither went also the two damsels. There Geraint lay on a litter-couch in front of the table, and the Earl besought Enid to clothe herself in other garments, but she refused. He then offered her his Earldom and himself, which she refused, and at the same time vowed that she would neither eat nor drink till he who lay upon the bier should eat and

drink also. The Earl became impatient and struck her, upon which she uttered a loud and piercing shriek. At the sound of her cry Geraint revived from his swoon, and finding his sword in the hollow of his shield, he rushed to the place where the Earl was, and struck him a blow upon the crown of his head, so that he clove him in twain, until his sword was stayed by the table. Then all leapt up from the board and fled away. And Geraint looked upon Enid, and he was grieved to see that she had lost her colour, and also to know that she was in the right. Then he placed her upon his horse and they rode forward. And their road lay between two hedges. And the night was coming on. And lo, they saw behind them the shafts of spears betwixt them and the sky, and they heard the trampling of horses, and the noise of a host approaching. A knight pricked towards them, and Enid cried out, 'Oh! chieftain, whoever thou art, what renown wilt thou gain by slaying a dead man?' 'Oh, Heaven,' said he, 'is it Geraint?' 'Yes, in truth,' said she, 'and who art thou?' 'I am the Little King,' he answered, 'coming to thy assistance, for I heard thou wast in trouble.' He then took them to the house of one whom he knew, where they met with hospitality and attention; and Geraint stayed there till he was well. Then the Little King desired him to return to his Court, but Geraint would go on for one day more. So they set forth, and came to where two roads met; and here they were warned not to go by the lower road, because there was a hedge of mist and enchantments, and no one who had gone there had ever returned. Geraint took the lower road, and came to the court of Earl Owain, who entertained

him. Then Geraint asked to be shown the way to the enchantments, and went thither with horse and armour. Alone he dashed through the mist and came to an orchard; and there in a tent of red satin sat a maiden on a golden chair, and in front was an apple-tree, on which hung a huge hunting-horn. He went into the tent and sat down, though the maiden warned him of danger if he did so; and then there came a knight in armour on a war-horse, and demanded why he sat there. They fought and Geraint overthrew him, and as condition of mercy demanded that the magic should cease and the mist disappear. The knight bade him sound the horn, and when he did so the mist vanished. So all became reconciled to each other, and Geraint returned to his own dominions and reigned prosperously with Enid.

This is the story in the *Mabinogion*, abridged considerably in those parts where it has not been followed by Tennyson, but pretty fully reproduced where the narrative of the poems runs parallel with it: so that the reader will be in a position to appreciate the skill with which the poet has dealt with the materials, and his power of converting a rather meagre outline into a finished picture, with the richest colouring and the most elaborate perfection of style. As regards the differences between the story of the *Mabinogion* and that of the *Idylls*, the most important are the following:—In Tennyson's poem the Knight of the Sparrow-hawk is the same as Yniol's nephew, the young Earl, and has been a former suitor of Enid, whereas in the Welsh story he comes from a distance to compete at the tournament, and has no connection with Yniol at all; in the poem Yniol is a deeply

injured person, whereas in the Welsh story he has suffered the just reward of his evil conduct ; there is no mention in the Welsh romance of the Queen's love for another than her husband, or of any anxiety felt by Geraint in consequence of the Queen's rumoured unfaithfulness ; the number of the combats with brigands is in the idyll two instead of three ; the Earl to whose territory they first come is called in the poem Limours, a former suitor of Enid, but in the Welsh story Dwrm (*i.e.* Doorm), the names Limours and Doorm having been transposed by Tennyson ; the episode of Gwiffert Petit is altogether omitted in the poem ; the meeting with Arthur's Court is transferred by Tennyson to the end of the story and takes place with quite different circumstances ; the combat with the three giants is omitted, and the wound which causes Geraint to swoon is in the poem that which was received in combat with the follower of Limours ; and finally the visit to Earl Owain, and the characteristic account of the enchantments to which Geraint put an end, is omitted, and we have instead the meeting with Edyrn, and finally with Arthur himself. Some other variations in detail are mentioned in the notes, see notes on *Marriage of Geraint*, 33, 108, 196, 296, 381, 414, 508 ; *Geraint and Enid*, 12 ; and it need hardly be added that all the picturesque and poetical embellishments of the story, as told by Tennyson, are due to the poet.





**THE MARRIAGE OF GERAINT.**

**GERAINT AND ENID.**



## THE MARRIAGE OF GERAINT.

THE brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court,  
A tributary prince of Devon, one  
Of that great Order of the Table Round,  
Had married Enid, Yniol's only child, .  
And loved her, as he loved the light of Heaven.  
And as the light of Heaven varies, now  
At sunrise, now at sunset, now by night  
With moon and trembling stars, so loved Geraint  
To make her beauty vary day by day,  
In crimsons and in purples and in gems. 10  
And Enid, but to please her husband's eye,  
Who first had found and loved her in a state  
Of broken fortunes, daily fronted him  
In some fresh splendour ; and the Queen herself,  
Grateful to Prince Geraint for service done,  
Loved her, and often with her own white hands  
Array'd and deck'd her, as the loveliest,  
Next after her own self, in all the court.  
And Enid loved the Queen, and with true heart  
Adored her, as the stateliest and the best 20  
And loveliest of all women upon earth.  
And seeing them so tender and so close,  
Long in their common love rejoiced Geraint.  
But when a rumour rose about the Queen,  
Touching her guilty love for Lancelot,

Tho' yet there lived no proof, nor yet was heard  
The world's loud whisper breaking into storm,  
Not less Geraint believed it ; and there fell  
A horror on him, lest his gentle wife,  
Thro' that great tenderness for Guinevere, 30  
Had suffer'd, or should suffer any taint  
In nature : wherefore going to the King,  
He made this pretext, that his principedom lay  
Close on the borders of a territory,  
Wherein were bandit earls, and caitiff knights,  
Assassins, and all flyers from the hand  
Of Justice, and whatever loathes a law :  
And therefore, till the King himself should please  
To cleanse this common sewer of all his realm,  
He craved a fair permission to depart, 40  
And there defend his marches ; and the King  
Mused for a little on his plea, but, last,  
Allowing it, the Prince and Enid rode,  
And fifty knights rode with them, to the shores  
Of Severn, and they past to their own land ;  
Where, thinking, that if ever yet was wife  
True to her lord, mine shall be so to me,  
He compass'd her with sweet observances  
And worship, never leaving her, and grew  
Forgetful of his promise to the King, 50  
Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt,  
Forgetful of the tilt and tournament,  
Forgetful of his glory and his name,  
Forgetful of his principedom and its cares.  
And this forgetfulness was hateful to her.  
And by and by the people, when they met  
In twos and threes, or fuller companies,  
Began to scoff and jeer and babble of him  
As of a prince whose manhood was all gone,  
And molten down in mere uxoriousness. 60  
And this she gather'd from the people's eyes :

This too the women who attired her head,  
 To please her, dwelling on his boundless love,  
 Told Enid, and they sadden'd her the more :  
 And day by day she thought to tell Geraint,  
 But could not out of bashful delicacy ;  
 While he that watch'd her sadden, was the more  
 Suspicious that her nature had a taint.

At last, it chanced that on a summer morn  
 (They sleeping each by either) the new sun 70  
 Beat thro' the blindless casement of the room,  
 And heated the strong warrior in his dreams ;  
 Who, moving, cast the coverlet aside,  
 And bared the knotted column of his throat,  
 The massive square of his heroic breast,  
 And arms on which the standing muscle sloped,  
 As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,  
 Running too vehemently to break upon it.  
 And Enid woke and sat beside the couch,  
 Admiring him, and thought within herself, 80  
 Was ever man so grandly made as he ?  
 Then, like a shadow, past the people's talk  
 And accusation of uxoriousness  
 Across her mind, and bowing over him,  
 Low to her own heart piteously she said :

'O noble breast and all-puissant arms,  
 Am I the cause, I the poor cause that men  
 Reproach you, saying all your force is gone ?  
 I *am* the cause, because I dare not speak  
 And tell him what I think and what they say. 90  
 And yet I hate that he should linger here ;  
 I cannot love my lord and not his name.  
 Far liefer had I gird his harness on him,  
 And ride with him to battle and stand by,  
 And watch his mightful hand striking great blows

At caitiffs and at wrongers of the world.  
Far better were I laid in the dark earth,  
Not hearing any more his noble voice,  
Not to be folded more in these dear arms,  
And darken'd from the high light in his eyes, 100  
Than that my lord thro' me should suffer shame.  
Am I so bold, and could I so stand by,  
And see my dear lord wounded in the strife,  
Or maybe pierced to death before mine eyes,  
And yet not dare to tell him what I think,  
And how men slur him, saying all his force  
Is melted into mere effeminacy?  
O me, I fear that I am no true wife.'

Half inwardly, half audibly she spoke,  
And the strong passion in her made her weep 110  
True tears upon his broad and naked breast,  
And these awoke him, and by great mischance  
He heard but fragments of her later words,  
And that she fear'd she was not a true wife.  
And then he thought, 'In spite of all my care,  
For all my pains, poor man, for all my pains,  
She is not faithful to me, and I see her  
Weeping for some gay knight in Arthur's hall.'  
Then tho' he loved and revered her too much  
To dream she could be guilty of foul act, 120  
Right thro' his manful breast darted the pang  
That makes a man, in the sweet face of her  
Whom he loves most, lonely and miserable.  
At this he hurl'd his huge limbs out of bed,  
And shook his drowsy squire awake and cried,  
'My charger and her palfrey;' then to her,  
'I will ride forth into the wilderness;  
For tho' it seems my spurs are yet to win,  
I have not fall'n so low as some would wish.  
And thou, put on thy worst and meanest dress 130

And ride with me.' And Enid ask'd, amazed,  
'If Enid errs, let Enid learn her fault.'  
But he, 'I charge thee, ask not, but obey.'  
Then she bethought her of a faded silk,  
A faded mantle and a faded veil,  
And moving toward a cedarn cabinet,  
Wherein she kept them folded reverently  
With sprigs of summer laid between the folds,  
She took them, and array'd herself therein,  
Remembering when first he came on her 140  
Drest in that dress, and how he loved her in it.  
And all her foolish fears about the dress,  
And all his journey to her, as himself  
Had told her, and their coming to the court.

For Arthur on the Whitsuntide before  
Held court at old Caerleon upon Usk.  
There on a day, he sitting high in hall,  
Before him came a forester of Dean,  
Wet from the woods, with notice of a hart  
Taller than all his fellows, milky-white, 150  
First seen that day: these things he told the King.  
Then the good King gave order to let blow  
His horns for hunting on the morrow morn.  
And when the Queen petition'd for his leave  
To see the hunt, allow'd it easily.  
So with the morning all the court were gone.  
But Guinevere lay late into the morn,  
Lost in sweet dreams, and dreaming of her love  
For Lancelot, and forgetful of the hunt;  
But rose at last, a single maiden with her, 160  
Took horse, and forded Usk, and gain'd the wood;  
There, on a little knoll beside it, stay'd  
Waiting to hear the hounds; but heard instead  
A sudden sound of hoofs, for Prince Geraint,  
Late also, wearing neither hunting-dress



Nor weapon, save a golden-hiltéd brand,  
 Came quickly flashing thro' the shallow ford  
 Behind them, and so gallop'd up the knoll.  
 A purple scarf, at either end whereof  
 There swung an apple of the purest gold, 170  
 Sway'd round about him, as he gallop'd up  
 To join them, glancing like a dragon-fly  
 In summer suit and silks of holiday.  
 Low bow'd the tributary Prince, and she,  
 Sweetly and statelily, and with all grace  
 Of womanhood and queenhood, answer'd him :  
 'Late, late, Sir Prince,' she said, 'later than we !'  
 'Yea, noble Queen,' he answer'd, 'and so late  
 That I but come like you to see the hunt,  
 Not join it.' 'Therefore, wait with me,' she said ; 180  
 'For on this little knoll, if anywhere,  
 There is good chance that we shall hear the hounds :  
 Here often they break covert at our feet.'

And while they listen'd for the distant hunt,  
 And chiefly for the baying of Cavall,  
 King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth, there rode  
 Full slowly by a knight, lady, and dwarf ;  
 Whereof the dwarf lagg'd latest, and the knight  
 Had vizor up, and show'd a youthful face,  
 Imperious, and of haughtiest lineaments. 190  
 And Guinevere, not mindful of his face  
 In the King's hall, desired his name. and sent  
 Her maiden to demand it of the dwarf ;  
 Who being vicious, old and irritable,  
 And doubling all his master's vice of pride,  
 Made answer sharply that she should not know.  
 'Then will I ask it of himself,' she said.  
 'Nay, by my faith, thou shalt not,' cried the dwarf ;  
 'Thou art not worthy ev'n to speak of him ;'  
 And when she put her horse toward the knight, 200

Struck at her with his whip, and she return'd  
Indignant to the Queen ; whereat Geraint  
Exclaiming, 'Surely I will learn the name,'  
Made sharply to the dwarf, and ask'd it of him,  
Who answer'd as before ; and when the Prince  
Had put his horse in motion toward the knight,  
Struck at him with his whip, and cut his cheek.  
The Prince's blood spirted upon the scarf,  
Dyeing it ; and his quick, instinctive hand  
Caught at the hilt, as to abolish him : 210  
But he, from his exceeding manfulness  
And pure nobility of temperament,  
Wroth to be wroth at such a worm, refrain'd  
From ev'n a word, and so returning said :

'I will avenge this insult, noble Queen,  
Done in your maiden's person to yourself :  
And I will track this vermin to their earths :  
For tho' I ride unarm'd, I do not doubt  
To find, at some place I shall come at, arms  
On loan, or else for pledge ; and, being found, 220  
Then will I fight him, and will break his pride,  
And on the third day will again be here,  
So that I be not fall'n in fight. Farewell.'

'Farewell, fair Prince,' answer'd the stately Queen.  
'Be prosperous in this journey, as in all ;  
And may you light on all things that you love,  
And live to wed with her whom first you love :  
But ere you wed with any, bring your bride,  
And I, were she the daughter of a king,  
Yea, tho' she were a beggar from the hedge, 230  
Will clothe her for her bridals like the sun.'

And Prince Geraint, now thinking that he heard  
The noble hart at bay, now the far horn,

A little vext at losing of the hunt,  
A little at the vile occasion, rode,  
By ups and downs, thro' many a grassy glade  
And valley, with fixt eye following the three.  
At last they issued from the world of wood,  
And climb'd upon a fair and even ridge,  
And show'd themselves against the sky, and sank. 240  
And thither came Geraint, and underneath  
Beheld the long street of a little town  
In a long valley, on one side whereof,  
White from the mason's hand, a fortress rose ;  
And on one side a castle in decay,  
Beyond a bridge that spann'd a dry ravine :  
And out of town and valley came a noise  
As of a broad brook o'er a shingly bed  
Brawling, or like a clamour of the rooks  
At distance, ere they settle for the night. 250

And onward to the fortress rode the three,  
And enter'd, and were lost behind the walls.  
'So,' thought Geraint, 'I have track'd him to his earth.'  
And down the long street riding wearily,  
Found every hostel full, and everywhere  
Was hammer laid to hoof, and the hot hiss  
And bustling whistle of the youth who scour'd  
His master's armour ; and of such a one  
He ask'd, 'What means the tumult in the town ?'  
Who told him, scouring still, 'The sparrow-hawk !' 260  
Then riding close behind an ancient churl,  
Who, smitten by the dusty sloping beam,  
Went sweating underneath a sack of corn,  
Ask'd yet once more what meant the hubbub here ?  
Who answer'd gruffly, 'Ugh ! the sparrow-hawk.'  
Then riding further past an armourer's,  
Who, with back turn'd, and bow'd above his work,  
Sat riveting a helmet on his knee,

He put the self-same query, but the man  
 Not turning round, nor looking at him, said : 270  
 'Friend, he that labours for the sparrow-hawk  
 Has little time for idle questioners.'  
 Whereat Geraint flash'd into sudden spleen :  
 'A thousand pips eat up your sparrow-hawk !  
 Tits, wrens, and all wing'd nothings peck him dead !  
 Ye think the rustic cackle of your bourg  
 The murmur of the world ! What is it to me ?  
 O wretched set of sparrows, one and all,  
 Who pipe of nothing but of sparrow-hawks !  
 Speak, if ye be not like the rest, hawk-mad, 280  
 Where can I get me harbourage for the night ?  
 And arms, arms, arms to fight my enemy ? Speak !'  
 Whereat the armourer turning all amazed  
 And seeing one so gay in purple silks,  
 Came forward with the helmet yet in hand  
 And answer'd, 'Pardon me, O stranger knight ;  
 We hold a tourney here to-morrow morn,  
 And there is scanty time for half the work.  
 Arms ? truth ! I know not : all are wanted here.  
 Harbourage ? truth, good truth, I know not, save, 290  
 It may be, at Earl Yniol's, o'er the bridge  
 Yonder.' He spoke and fell to work again.

Then rode Geraint, a little spleenful yet,  
 Across the bridge that spann'd the dry ravine.  
 There musing sat the hoary-headed Earl,  
 (His dress a suit of fray'd magnificence,  
 Once fit for feasts of ceremony) and said :  
 'Whither, fair son ?' to whom Geraint replied,  
 'O friend, I seek a harbourage for the night.'  
 Then Yniol, 'Enter therefore and partake 300  
 The slender entertainment of a house  
 Once rich, now poor, but ever open-door'd.'  
 'Thanks, venerable friend,' replied Geraint ;

'So that ye do not serve me sparrow-hawks  
For supper, I will enter, I will eat  
With all the passion of a twelve hours' fast.'  
Then sigh'd and smiled the hoary-headed Earl,  
And answer'd, 'Graver cause than yours is mine  
To curse this hedgerow thief, the sparrow-hawk :  
But in, go in ; for save yourself desire it, 310  
We will not touch upon him ev'n in jest.'

Then rode Geraint into the castle court,  
His charger trampling many a prickly star  
Of sprouted thistle on the broken stones.  
He look'd and saw that all was ruinous.  
Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed with fern ;  
And here had fall'n a great part of a tower,  
Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,  
And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers :  
And high above a piece of turret stair, 320  
Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound  
Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems  
Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,  
And suck'd the joining of the stones, and look'd  
A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove.

And while he waited in the castle court,  
The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang  
Clear thro' the open casement of the hall,  
Singing ; and as the sweet voice of a bird,  
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle, 330  
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is  
That sings so delicately clear, and make  
Conjecture of the plumage and the form ;  
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint ;  
And made him like a man abroad at morn  
When first the liquid note beloved of men  
Comes flying over many a windy wave

To Britain, and in April suddenly  
Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with green and red,  
And he suspends his converse with a friend, 340  
Or it may be the labour of his hands,  
To think or say, 'There is the nightingale ;'  
So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,  
'Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me.'

It chanced the song that Enid sang was one  
Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid sang :

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud ;  
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud ;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown ;  
With that wild wheel we go not up or down ; 351  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

'Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands ;  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;  
For man is man and master of his fate.

'Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd ;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud ;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.'

'Hark, by the bird's song ye may learn the nest,'  
Said Yniol ; 'enter quickly.' Entering then, 360  
Right o'er a mount of newly-fallen stones,  
The dusky-rafter'd many-cobweb'd hall,  
He found an ancient dame in dim brocade ;  
And near her, like a blossom vermeil-white,  
That lightly breaks a faded flower-sheath,  
Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk,  
Her daughter. In a moment thought Geraint,  
'Here by God's rood is the one maid for me.'

But none spake word except the hoary Earl :  
'Enid, the good knight's horse stands in the court ; 370  
Take him to stall, and give him corn, and then  
Go to the town and buy us flesh and wine ;  
And we will make us merry as we may.  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.'

He spake : the Prince, as Enid past him, fain  
To follow, strode a stride, but Yniol caught  
His purple scarf, and held, and said, ' Forbear !  
Rest ! the good house, tho' ruin'd, O my son,  
Endures not that her guest should serve himself.'  
And reverencing the custom of the house 380  
Geraint, from utter courtesy, forbore.

So Enid took his charger to the stall ;  
And after went her way across the bridge,  
And reach'd the town, and while the Prince and Earl  
Yet spoke together, came again with one,  
A youth, that following with a costrel bore  
The means of goodly welcome, flesh and wine.  
And Enid brought sweet cakes to make them cheer  
And in her veil enfolded, manchet bread.  
And then, because their hall must also serve 390  
For kitchen, boil'd the flesh, and spread the board,  
And stood behind, and waited on the three.  
And seeing her so sweet and serviceable,  
Geraint had longing in him evermore  
To stoop and kiss the tender little thumb,  
That crost the trencher as she laid it down :  
But after all had eaten, then Geraint,  
For now the wine made summer in his veins,  
Let his eye rove in following, or rest  
On Enid at her lowly handmaid-work, 400  
Now here, now there, about the dusky hall ;  
Then suddenly address the hoary Earl :

‘Fair Host and Earl, I pray your courtesy ;  
This sparrow-hawk, what is he ? tell me of him.  
His name ? but no, good faith, I will not have it :  
For if he be the knight whom late I saw  
Ride into that new fortress by your town,  
White from the mason’s hand, then have I sworn  
From his own lips to have it—I am Geraint  
Of Devon—for this morning when the Queen 410  
Sent her own maiden to demand the name,  
His dwarf, a vicious under-shapen thing,  
Struck at her with his whip, and she return’d  
Indignant to the Queen ; and then I swore  
That I would track this caitiff to his hold,  
And fight and break his pride, and have it of him.  
And all unarm’d I rode, and thought to find  
Arms in your town, where all the men are mad ;  
They take the rustic murmur of their bourg  
For the great wave that echoes round the world ; 420  
They would not hear me speak : but if ye know  
Where I can light on arms, or if yourself  
Should have them, tell me, seeing I have sworn  
That I will break his pride and learn his name,  
Avenging this great insult done the Queen.’

Then cried Earl Yniol, ‘Art thou he indeed,  
Geraint, a name far-sounded among men  
For noble deeds ? and truly I, when first  
I saw you moving by me on the bridge,  
Felt ye were somewhat, yea, and by your state 430  
And presence might have guess’d you one of those  
That eat in Arthur’s hall at Camelot.  
Nor speak I now from foolish flattery ;  
For this dear child hath often heard me praise  
Your feats of arms, and often when I paused  
Hath ask’d again, and ever loved to hear ;  
So grateful is the noise of noble deeds



To noble hearts who see but acts of wrong :  
O never yet had woman such a pair  
Of suitors as this maiden ; first Limours, 440  
A creature wholly given to brawls and wine,  
Drunk even when he woo'd ; and be he dead  
I know not, but he past to the wild land.  
The second was your foe, the sparrow-hawk,  
My curse, my nephew—I will not let his name  
Slip from my lips if I can help it—he,  
When I that knew him fierce and turbulent  
Refused her to him, then his pride awoke ;  
And since the proud man often is the mean,  
He sow'd a slander in the common ear, 450  
Affirming that his father left him gold,  
And in my charge, which was not render'd to him ;  
Bribed with large promises the men who served  
About my person, the more easily  
Because my means were somewhat broken into  
Thro' open doors and hospitality ;  
Raised my own town against me in the night  
Before my Enid's birthday, sack'd my house ;  
From mine own earldom foully ousted me ;  
Built that new fort to overawe my friends, 460  
For truly there are those who love me yet ;  
And keeps me in this ruinous castle here,  
Where doubtless he would put me soon to death,  
But that his pride too much despises me :  
And I myself sometimes despise myself ;  
For I have let men be, and have their way ;  
Am much too gentle, have not used my power :  
Nor know I whether I be very base  
Or very manful, whether very wise  
Or very foolish ; only this I know, 470  
That whatsoever evil happen to me,  
I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,  
But can endure it all most patiently.'

'Well said, true heart,' replied Geraint, 'but arms,  
That if the sparrow-hawk, this nephew, fight  
In next day's tourney I may break his pride.'

\*And Yniol answer'd, 'Arms, indeed, but old  
And rusty, old and rusty, Prince Geraint,  
Are mine, and therefore at thine asking, thine.  
But in this tournament can no man tilt, 480  
Except the lady he loves best be there.  
Two forks are fixt into the meadow ground,  
And over these is placed a silver wand,  
And over that a golden sparrow-hawk,  
The prize of beauty for the fairest there.  
And this, what knight soever be in field  
Lays claim to for the lady at his side,  
And tilts with my good nephew thereupon,  
Who being apt at arms and big of bone  
Has ever won it for the lady with him, 490  
And toppling over all antagonism  
Has earn'd himself the name of sparrow-hawk.  
But thou, that hast no lady, canst not fight.'

To whom Geraint with eyes all bright replied,  
Leaning a little toward him, 'Thy leave !  
Let *me* lay lance in rest, O noble host,  
For this dear child, because I never saw,  
Tho' having seen all beauties of our time,  
Nor can see elsewhere, anything so fair.  
And if I fall her name will yet remain 500  
Untarnish'd as before ; but if I live,  
So aid me Heaven when at mine uttermost,  
As I will make her truly my true wife.'

Then, howsoever patient, Yniol's heart  
Danced in his bosom, seeing better days.  
And looking round he saw not Enid there,

(Who hearing her own name had stol'n away)  
But that old dame, to whom full tenderly  
And fondling all her hand in his he said,  
'Mother, a maiden is a tender thing, 510  
And best by her that bore her understood.  
Go thou to rest, but ere thou go to rest  
Tell her, and prove her heart toward the Prince.'

So spake the kindly-hearted Earl, and she  
With frequent smile and nod departing found,  
Half disarray'd as to her rest, the girl;  
Whom first she kiss'd on either cheek, and then  
On either shining shoulder laid a hand,  
And kept her off and gazed upon her face,  
And told her all their converse in the hall, 520  
Proving her heart: but never light and shade  
Coursed one another more on open ground  
Beneath a troubled heaven, than red and pale  
Across the face of Enid hearing her;  
While slowly falling as a scale that falls,  
When weight is added only grain by grain,  
Sank her sweet head upon her gentle breast;  
Nor did she lift an eye nor speak a word,  
Rapt in the fear and in the wonder of it;  
So moving without answer to her rest 530  
She found no rest, and ever fail'd to draw  
The quiet night into her blood, but lay  
Contemplating her own unworthiness;  
And when the pale and bloodless east began  
To quicken to the sun, arose, and raised  
Her mother too, and hand in hand they moved  
Down to the meadow where the jousts were held,  
And waited there for Yniol and Geraint.

And thither came the twain, and when Geraint  
Beheld her first in field, awaiting him, 540

He felt, were she the prize of bodily force,  
 Himself beyond the rest pushing could move  
 The chair of Idris. Yniol's rusted arms  
 Were on his princely person, but thro' these  
 Princelike his bearing shone; and errant knights  
 And ladies came, and by and by the town  
 Flow'd in, and settling circled all the lists.  
 And there they fixt the forks into the ground,  
 And over these they placed the silver wand,  
 And over that the golden sparrow-hawk. 550  
 Then Yniol's nephew, after trumpet blown,  
 Spake to the lady with him and proclaim'd,  
 'Advance and take, as fairest of the fair,  
 What I these two years past have won for thee,  
 The prize of beauty.' Loudly spake the Prince,  
 'Forbear: there is a worthier,' and the knight  
 With some surprise and thrice as much disdain  
 Turn'd, and beheld the four, and all his face  
 Glow'd like the heart of a great fire at Yule,  
 So burnt he was with passion, crying out, 560  
 'Do battle for it then,' no more; and thrice  
 They clash'd together, and thrice they brake their spears.  
 Then each, dishorsed and drawing, lash'd at each  
 So often and with such blows, that all the crowd  
 Wonder'd, and now and then from distant walls  
 There came a clapping as of phantom hands.  
 So twice they fought, and twice they breathed, and still  
 The dew of their great labour, and the blood  
 Of their strong bodies, flowing, drain'd their force.  
 But either's force was match'd till Yniol's cry, 570  
 'Remember that great insult done the Queen,'  
 Increased Geraint's, who heaved his blade aloft,  
 And crack'd the helmet thro', and bit the bone,  
 And fell'd him, and set foot upon his breast,  
 And said, 'Thy name?' To whom the fallen man  
 Made answer, groaning, 'Edyrn, son of Nudd!

Ashamed am I that I should tell it thee.  
My pride is broken : men have seen my fall.'  
'Then, Edyrn, son of Nudd,' replied Geraint, '  
'These two things shalt thou do, or else thou diest. 580  
First, thou thyself, with damsel and with dwarf,  
Shalt ride to Arthur's court, and coming there,  
Crave pardon for that insult done the Queen,  
And shalt abide her judgment on it; next,  
Thou shalt give back their earldom to thy kin.  
These two things shalt thou do, or thou shalt die.'  
And Edyrn answer'd, 'These things will I do,  
For I have never yet been overthrown,  
And thou hast overthrown me, and my pride  
Is broken down, for Enid sees my fall!' 590  
And rising up, he rode to Arthur's court,  
And there the Queen forgave him easily.  
And being young, he changed and came to loathe  
His crime of traitor, slowly drew himself  
Bright from his old dark life, and fell at last  
In the great battle fighting for the King.

But when the third day from the hunting-morn  
Made a low splendour in the world, and wings  
Moved in her ivy, Enid, for she lay  
With her fair head in the dim-yellow light, 600  
Among the dancing shadows of the birds,  
Woke and bethought her of her promise given  
No later than last eve to Prince Geraint—  
So bent he seem'd on going the third day,  
He would not leave her, till her promise given—  
To ride with him this morning to the court,  
And there be made known to the stately Queen,  
And there be wedded with all ceremony.  
At this she cast her eyes upon her dress,  
And thought it never yet had look'd so mean. 610

For as a leaf in mid-November is  
To what it was in mid-October, seem'd  
The dress that now she look'd on to the dress  
She look'd on ere the coming of Geraint.  
And still she look'd, and still the terror grew  
Of that strange bright and dreadful thing, a court,  
All staring at her in her faded silk:  
And softly to her own sweet heart she said:

‘This noble prince who won our earldom back,  
So splendid in his acts and his attire, 620  
Sweet heaven, how much I shall discredit him!  
Would he could tarry with us here awhile,  
But being so beholden to the Prince,  
It were but little grace in any of us,  
Bent as he seem'd on going this third day,  
To seek a second favour at his hands.  
Yet if he could but tarry a day or two,  
Myself would work eye dim, and finger lame,  
Far liefer than so much discredit him.’

And Enid fell in longing for a dress 630  
All branch'd and flower'd with gold, a costly gift  
Of her good mother, given her on the night  
Before her birthday, three sad years ago,  
That night of fire, when Edyrn sack'd their house,  
And scatter'd all they had to all the winds:  
For while the mother show'd it, and the two  
Were turning and admiring it, the work  
To both appear'd so costly, rose a cry  
That Edyrn's men were on them, and they fled  
With little save the jewels they had on, 640  
Which being sold and sold had bought them bread:  
And Edyrn's men had caught them in their flight,  
And placed them in this ruin; and she wish'd

The Prince had found her in her ancient home ;  
Then let her fancy flit across the past,  
And roam the goodly places that she knew ;  
And last bethought her how she used to watch,  
Near that old home, a pool of golden carp ;  
And one was patch'd and blurr'd and lustreless  
Among his burnish'd brethren of the pool ; 650  
And half asleep she made comparison  
Of that and these to her own faded self  
And the gay court, and fell asleep again ;  
And dreamt herself was such a faded form  
Among her burnish'd sisters of the pool ;  
But this was in the garden of a king ;  
And tho' she lay dark in the pool, she knew  
That all was bright ; that all about were birds  
Of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work ;  
That all the turf was rich in plots that look'd 660  
Each like a garnet or a turkis in it ;  
And lords and ladies of the high court went  
In silver tissue talking things of state ;  
And children of the King in cloth of gold  
Glanced at the doors or gambol'd down the walks ;  
And while she thought 'They will not see me,' came  
A stately queen whose name was Guinevere,  
And all the children in their cloth of gold  
Ran to her, crying, 'If we have fish at all  
Let them be gold ; and charge the gardeners now 670  
To pick the faded creature from the pool,  
And cast it on the mixen that it die.'  
And therewithal one came and seized on her,  
And Enid started waking, with her heart  
All overshadow'd by the foolish dream,  
And lo ! it was her mother grasping her  
To get her well awake ; and in her hand  
A suit of bright apparel, which she laid  
Flat on the couch, and spoke exultingly :

‘See here, my child, how fresh the colours look, 680  
How fast they hold like colours of a shell  
That keeps the wear and polish of the wave.  
Why not? It never yet was worn, I trow :  
Look on it, child, and tell me if ye know it.’

And Enid look’d, but all confused at first,  
Could scarce divide it from her foolish dream :  
Then suddenly she knew it and rejoiced,  
And answer’d, ‘Yea, I know it; your good gift,  
So sadly lost on that unhappy night;  
Your own good gift!’ ‘Yea, surely,’ said the dame, 690  
‘And gladly given again this happy morn.  
For when the jousts were ended yesterday,  
Went Yniol thro’ the town, and everywhere  
He found the sack and plunder of our house  
All scatter’d thro’ the houses of the town ;  
And gave command that all which once was ours  
Should now be ours again : and yester-eve,  
While ye were talking sweetly with your Prince,  
Came one with this and laid it in my hand,  
For love or fear, or seeking favour of us, 700  
Because we have our earldom back again.  
And yester-eve I would not tell you of it,  
But kept it for a sweet surprise at morn.  
Yea, truly is it not a sweet surprise?  
For I myself unwillingly have worn  
My faded suit, as you, my child, have yours,  
And howsoever patient, Yniol his.  
Ah, dear, he took me from a goodly house,  
With store of rich apparel, sumptuous fare,  
And page, and maid, and squire, and seneschal, 710  
And pastime both of hawk and hound, and all  
That appertains to noble maintenance.  
Yea, and he brought me to a goodly house ;  
But since our fortune swerved from sun to shade,



And all thro' that young traitor, cruel need  
Constrain'd us, but a better time has come ;  
So clothe yourself in this, that better fits  
Our mended fortunes and a Prince's bride :  
For tho' ye won the prize of fairest fair,  
And tho' I heard him call you fairest fair, 720  
Let never maiden think, however fair,  
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.  
And should some great court-lady say, the Prince  
Hath pick'd a ragged-robin from the hedge,  
And like a madman brought her to the court,  
Then were ye shamed, and, worse, might shame the Prince  
To whom we are beholden ; but I know,  
When my dear child is set forth at her best,  
That neither court nor country, tho' they sought  
Thro' all the provinces like those of old 730  
That lighted on Queen Esther, has her match.'

Here ceased the kindly mother out of breath ;  
And Enid listen'd brightening as she lay ;  
Then, as the white and glittering star of morn  
Parts from a bank of snow, and by and by  
Slips into golden cloud, the maiden rose,  
And left her maiden couch, and robed herself,  
Help'd by the mother's careful hand and eye,  
Without a mirror, in the gorgeous gown ;  
Who, after, turn'd her daughter round, and said, 740  
She never yet had seen her half so fair ;  
And call'd her like that maiden in the tale,  
Whom Gwydion made by glamour out of flowers,  
And sweeter than the bride of Cassivelaun,  
Flur, for whose love the Roman Cæsar first  
Invaded Britain, 'But we beat him back,  
As this great Prince invaded us, and we,  
Not beat him back, but welcomed him with joy.  
And I can scarcely ride with you to court,

For old am I, and rough the ways and wild ; 750  
But Yniol goes, and I full oft shall dream  
I see my princess as I see her now,  
Clothed with my gift, and gay among the gay.'

But while the women thus rejoiced, Geraint  
Woke where he slept in the high hall, and call'd  
For Enid, and when Yniol made report  
Of that good mother making Enid gay  
In such apparel as might well beseeem  
His princess, or indeed the stately Queen,  
He answer'd : 'Earl, entreat her by my love, 760  
Albeit I give no reason but my wish,  
That she ride with me in her faded silk.'  
Yniol with that hard message went ; it fell  
Like flaws in summer laying lusty corn :  
For Enid, all abash'd she knew not why,  
Dared not to glance at her good mother's face,  
But silently, in all obedience,  
Her mother silent too, nor helping her,  
Laid from her limbs the costly-broider'd gift,  
And robed them in her ancient suit again, 770  
And so descended. Never man rejoiced  
More than Geraint to greet her thus attired ;  
And glancing all at once as keenly at her  
As careful robins eye the delver's toil,  
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall,  
But rested with her sweet face satisfied ;  
Then seeing cloud upon the mother's brow,  
Her by both hands he caught, and sweetly said,

'O my new mother, be not wroth or grieved  
At thy new son, for my petition to her. 780  
When late I left Caerleon, our great Queen,  
In words whose echo lasts, they were so sweet,  
Made promise, that whatever bride I brought,

Herself would clothe her like the sun in Heaven.  
Thereafter, when I reach'd this ruin'd hall,  
Beholding one so bright in dark estate,  
I vow'd that could I gain her, our fair Queen,  
No hand but hers, should make your Enid burst  
Sunlike from cloud—and likewise thought perhaps,  
That service done so graciously would bind 790  
The two together; fain I would the two  
Should love each other: how can Enid find  
A nobler friend? Another thought was mine;  
I came among you here so suddenly,  
That tho' her gentle presence at the lists  
Might well have served for proof that I was loved,  
I doubted whether daughter's tenderness,  
Or easy nature, might not let itself  
Be moulded by your wishes for her weal;  
Or whether some false sense in her own self 800  
Of my contrasting brightness, overbore  
Her fancy dwelling in this dusky hall;  
And such a sense might make her long for court  
And all its perilous glories: and I thought,  
That could I somehow prove such force in her  
Link'd with such love for me, that at a word  
(No reason given her) she could cast aside  
A splendour dear to women, new to her,  
And therefore dearer; or if not so new,  
Yet therefore tenfold dearer by the power 810  
Of intermitted usage; then I felt  
That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and flows,  
Fixt on her faith. Now, therefore, I do rest,  
A prophet certain of my prophecy,  
That never shadow of mistrust can cross  
Between us. Grant me pardon for my thoughts:  
And for my strange petition I will make  
Amends hereafter by some gaudy-day,  
When your fair child shall wear your costly gift

Beside your own warm hearth, with, on her knees, 820  
Who knows? another gift of the high God,  
Which, maybe, shall have learn'd to lisp you thanks.'

' He spoke: the mother smiled, but half in tears,  
Then brought a mantle down and wrapt her in it,  
And claspt and kiss'd her, and they rode away.

Now thrice that morning Guinevere had climb'd  
The giant tower, from whose high crest, they say,  
Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset,  
And white sails flying on the yellow sea;  
But not to goodly hill or yellow sea 830  
Look'd the fair Queen, but up the vale of Usk,  
By the flat meadow, till she saw them come;  
And then descending met them at the gates,  
Embraced her with all welcome as a friend,  
And did her honour as the Prince's bride,  
And clothed her for her bridals like the sun;  
And all that week was old Caerleon gay,  
For by the hands of Dubric, the high saint,  
They twain were wedded with all ceremony.

And this was on the last year's Whitsuntide. 840  
But Enid ever kept the faded silk,  
Remembering how first he came on her,  
Drest in that dress, and how he loved her in it,  
And all her foolish fears about the dress,  
And all his journey toward her, as himself  
Had told her, and their coming to the court.

And now this morning when he said to her,  
'Put on your worst and meanest dress,' she found  
And took it, and array'd herself therein.

## GERAINT AND ENID.

O PURBLIND race of miserable men,  
How many among us at this very hour  
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,  
By taking true for false, or false for true ;  
Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this world  
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach  
That other, where we see as we are seen !

So fared it with Geraint, who issuing forth  
That morning, when they both had got to horse,  
Perhaps because he loved her passionately, 10  
And felt that tempest brooding round his heart,  
Which, if he spoke at all, would break perforce  
Upon a head so dear in thunder, said :  
'Not at my side. I charge thee ride before,  
Ever a good way on before ; and this  
I charge thee, on thy duty as a wife,  
Whatever happens, not to speak to me,  
No, not a word !' and Enid was aghast ;  
And forth they rode, but scarce three paces on,  
When crying out, 'Effeminate as I am, 20  
I will not fight my way with gilded arms,  
All shall be iron ;' he loosed a mighty purse,  
Hung at his belt, and hurl'd it toward the squire.  
So the last sight that Enid had of home

Was all the marble threshold flashing, strown  
With gold and scatter'd coinage, and the squire  
Chafing his shoulder : then he cried again,  
'To the wilds !' and Enid leading down the tracks  
Thro' which he bad her lead him on, they past ,  
The marches, and by bandit-haunted holds, 30  
Gray swamps and pools, waste places of the hern,  
And wildernesses, perilous paths, they rode :  
Round was their pace at first, but slacken'd soon :  
A stranger meeting them had surely thought  
They rode so slowly and they look'd so pale,  
That each had suffer'd some exceeding wrong.  
For he was ever saying to himself,  
'O I that wasted time to tend upon her,  
To compass her with sweet observances,  
To dress her beautifully and keep her true'— 40  
And there he broke the sentence in his heart  
Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue  
May break it, when his passion masters him.  
And she was ever praying the sweet heavens  
To save her dear lord whole from any wound.  
And ever in her mind she cast about  
For that unnoticed failing in herself,  
Which made him look so cloudy and so cold ;  
Till the great plover's human whistle amazed  
Her heart, and glancing round the waste she fear'd 50  
In every wavering brake an ambuscade.  
Then thought again, 'If there be such in me,  
I might amend it by the grace of Heaven,  
If he would only speak and tell me of it.'

But when the fourth part of the day was gone,  
Then Enid was aware of three tall knights  
On horseback, wholly arm'd, behind a rock  
In shadow, waiting for them, caitiffs all ;  
And heard one crying to his fellow, 'Look,

Here comes a laggard hanging down his head, 60  
Who seems no bolder than a beaten hound ;  
Come, we will slay him and will have his horse  
And armour, and his damsel shall be ours.'

Then Enid ponder'd in her heart, and said :  
'I will go back a little to my lord,  
And I will tell him all their caitiff talk ;  
For, be he wroth even to slaying me,  
Far liefer by his dear hand had I die,  
Than that my lord should suffer loss or shame.'

Then she went back some paces of return, 70  
Met his full frown timidly firm, and said ;  
'My lord, I saw three bandits by the rock  
Waiting to fall on you, and heard them boast  
That they would slay you, and possess your horse  
And armour, and your damsel should be theirs.'

He made a wrathful answer : 'Did I wish  
Your warning or your silence ? one command  
I laid upon you, not to speak to me,  
And thus ye keep it ! Well then, look—for now,  
Whether ye wish me victory or defeat, 80  
Long for my life, or hunger for my death,  
Yourself shall see my vigour is not lost.'

Then Enid waited pale and sorrowful,  
And down upon him bare the bandit three.  
And at the midmost charging, Prince Geraint  
Drave the long spear a cubit thro' his breast  
And out beyond ; and then against his brace  
Of comrades, each of whom had broken on him  
A lance that splinter'd like an icicle,  
Swung from his brand a windy buffet out 90  
Once, twice, to right, to left, and stunn'd the twain

Or slew them, and dismounting like a man  
 That skins the wild beast after slaying him,  
 Stript from the three dead wolves of woman born  
 The three gay suits of armour which they wore,  
 And let the bodies lie, but bound the suits  
 Of armour on their horses, each on each,  
 And tied the bridle-reins of all the three  
 Together, and said to her, 'Drive them on  
 Before you;' and she drove them thro' the waste. 100

He follow'd nearer : ruth began to work  
 Against his anger in him, while he watch'd  
 The being he loved best in all the world,  
 With difficulty in mild obedience  
 Driving them on : he fain had spoken to her,  
 And loosed in words of sudden fire the wrath  
 And smoulder'd wrong that burnt him all within ;  
 But evermore it seem'd an easier thing  
 At once without remorse to strike her dead,  
 Than to cry 'Halt,' and to her own bright face 110  
 Accuse her of the least immodesty :  
 And thus tongue-tied, it made him wroth the more  
 That she *could* speak whom his own ear had heard  
 Call herself false : and suffering thus he made  
 Minutes an age : but in scarce longer time  
 Than at Caerleon the full-tided Usk,  
 Before he turn to fall seaward again,  
 Pauses, did Enid, keeping watch, behold  
 In the first shallow shade of a deep wood,  
 Before a gloom of stubborn-shafted oaks, 120  
 Three other horsemen waiting, wholly arm'd,  
 Whereof one seem'd far larger than her lord,  
 And shook her pulses, crying, 'Look, a prize !  
 Three horses and three goodly suits of arms,  
 And all in charge of whom ? a girl : set on.'  
 'Nay,' said the second, 'yonder comes a knight.'



The third, 'A craven ; how he hangs his head.'  
The giant answer'd merrily, 'Yea, but one ?  
Wait here, and when he passes fall upon him.'

And Enid ponder'd in her heart and said, 130  
'I will abide the coming of my lord,  
And I will tell him all their villainy.  
My lord is weary with the fight before,  
And they will fall upon him unawares.  
I needs must disobey him for his good ;  
How should I dare obey him to his harm ?  
Needs must I speak, and tho' he kill me for it,  
I save a life dearer to me than mine.'

And she abode his coming, and said to him  
With timid firmness, 'Have I leave to speak ?' 140  
He said, 'Ye take it, speaking,' and she spoke.

'There lurk three villains yonder in the wood,  
And each of them is wholly arm'd, and one  
Is larger-limb'd than you are, and they say  
That they will fall upon you while ye pass.'

To which he flung a wrathful answer back :  
'And if there were an hundred in the wood,  
And every man were larger-limb'd than I,  
And all at once should sally out upon me,  
I swear it would not ruffle me so much 150  
As you that not obey me. Stand aside,  
And if I fall, cleave to the better man.'

And Enid stood aside to wait the event,  
Not dare to watch the combat, only breathe  
Short fits of prayer, at every stroke a breath.  
And he, she dreaded most, bare down upon him.  
Aim'd at the helm, his lance err'd ; but Geraint's,

A little in the late encounter strain'd,  
 Struck thro' the bulky bandit's corselet home,  
 And then brake short, and down his enemy roll'd, 160  
 And there lay still ; as he that tells the tale  
 Saw once a great piece of a promontory,  
 That had a sapling growing on it, slide  
 From the long shore-cliff's windy walls to the beach,  
 And there lie still, and yet the sapling grew :  
 So lay the man transfixt. His craven pair  
 Of comrades making slower at the Prince,  
 When now they saw their bulwark fallen, stood ;  
 On whom the victor, to confound them more,  
 Spurr'd with his terrible war-cry ; for as one, 170  
 That listens near a torrent mountain-brook,  
 All thro' the crash of the near cataract hears  
 The drumming thunder of the huger fall  
 At distance, were the soldiers wont to hear  
 His voice in battle, and be kindled by it,  
 And foemen scared, like that false pair who turn'd  
 Flying, but, overtaken, died the death  
 Themselves had wrought on many an innocent.

Thereon Geraint, dismounting, pick'd the lance  
 That pleased him best, and drew from those dead wolves 180  
 Their three gay suits of armour, each from each,  
 And bound them on their horses, each on each,  
 And tied the bridle-reins of all the three  
 Together, and said to her, 'Drive them on  
 Before you,' and she drove them thro' the wood.

He follow'd nearer still : the pain she had  
 To keep them in the wild ways of the wood,  
 Two sets of three laden with jingling arms,  
 Together, served a little to disedge  
 The sharpness of that pain about her heart : 190  
 And they themselves, like creatures gently born

But into bad hands fall'n, and now so long  
By bandits groom'd, prick'd their light ears, and felt  
Her low firm voice and tender government.

So thro' the green gloom of the wood they past,  
And issuing under open heavens beheld  
A little town with towers, upon a rock,  
And close beneath, a meadow gemlike chased  
In the brown wild, and mowers mowing in it :  
And down a rocky pathway from the place 200  
There came a fair-hair'd youth, that in his hand  
Bare victual for the mowers : and Geraint  
Had ruth again on Enid looking pale :  
Then, moving downward to the meadow ground,  
He, when the fair-hair'd youth came by him, said,  
'Friend, let her eat ; the damsel is so faint.'  
'Yea, willingly,' replied the youth ; 'and thou,  
My lord, eat also, tho' the fare is coarse,  
And only meet for mowers ;' then set down  
His basket, and dismounting on the sward 210  
They let the horses graze, and ate themselves.  
And Enid took a little delicately,  
Less having stomach for it than desire  
To close with her lord's pleasure ; but Geraint  
Ate all the mowers' victual unawares,  
And when he found all empty, was amazed ;  
And 'Boy,' said he, 'I have eaten all, but take  
A horse and arms for guerdon ; choose the best.'  
He, reddening in extremity of delight,  
'My lord, you overpay me fifty-fold.' 220  
'Ye will be all the wealthier,' cried the Prince.  
'I take it as free gift, then,' said the boy,  
'Not guerdon ; for myself can easily,  
While your good damsel rests, return, and fetch  
Fresh victual for these mowers of our Earl ;  
For these are his, and all the field is his,

And I myself am his; and I will tell him  
 How great a man thou art: he loves to know  
 When men of mark are in his territory:  
 And he will have thee to his palace here, 230  
 And serve thee costlier than with mowers' fare.'

Then said Geraint, 'I wish no better fare:  
 I never ate with angrier appetite  
 Than when I left your mowers dinnerless.  
 And into no Earl's palace will I go.  
 I know, God knows, too much of palaces!  
 And if he want me, let him come to me.  
 But hire us some fair chamber for the night,  
 And stalling for the horses, and return  
 With victua! for these men, and let us know.' 240

'Yea, my kind lord,' said the glad youth, and went,  
 Held his head high, and thought himself a knight,  
 And up the rocky pathway disappear'd,  
 Leading the horse, and they were left alone.

But when the Prince had brought his errant eyes  
 Home from the rock, sideways he let them glance  
 At Enid, where she droopt: his own false doom,  
 That shadow of mistrust should never cross  
 Betwixt them, came upon him, and he sigh'd;  
 Then with another humorous ruth remark'd 250  
 The lusty mowers labouring dinnerless,  
 And watch'd the sun blaze on the turning scythe,  
 And after nodded sleepily in the heat.  
 But she, remembering her old ruin'd hall,  
 And all the windy clamour of the daws  
 About her hollow turret, pluck'd the grass  
 There growing longest by the meadow's edge,  
 And into many a listless annulet,

Now over, now beneath her marriage ring,  
Wove and unwove it, till the boy return'd 260  
And told them of a chamber, and they went ;  
Where, after saying to her, 'If ye will,  
Call for the woman of the house,' to which  
She answer'd, 'Thanks, my lord;' the two remain'd  
Apart by all the chamber's width, and mute  
As creatures voiceless thro' the fault of birth,  
Or two wild men supporters of a shield,  
Painted, who stare at open space, nor glance  
The one at other, parted by the shield.

On a sudden, many a voice along the street, 270  
And heel against the pavement echoing, burst  
Their drowse ; and either started while the door,  
Push'd from without, drave backward to the wall,  
And midmost of a rout of roisterers,  
Femininely fair and dissolutely pale,  
Her suitor in old years before Geraint,  
Enter'd, the wild lord of the place, Limours.  
He moving up with pliant courtliness,  
Greeted Geraint full face, but stealthily,  
In the mid-warmth of welcome and graspt hand, 280  
Found Enid with the corner of his eye,  
And knew her sitting sad and solitary.  
Then cried Geraint for wine and goodly cheer  
To feed the sudden guest, and sumptuously  
According to his fashion, bad the host  
Call in what men soever were his friends,  
And feast with these in honour of their Earl ;  
'And care not for the cost; the cost is mine.'

And wine and food were brought, and Earl Limours  
Drank till he jested with all ease, and told 290  
Free tales, and took the word and play'd upon it,  
And made it of two colours ; for his talk,

When wine and free companions kindled him,  
Was wont to glance and sparkle like a gem  
Of fifty facets; thus he moved the Prince  
To laughter and his comrades to applause.  
Then, when the Prince was merry, ask'd Limours,  
'Your leave, my lord, to cross the room, and speak  
To your good damsel there who sits apart,  
And seems so lonely?' 'My free leave,' he said; 300  
'Get her to speak: she doth not speak to me.'  
Then rose Limours, and looking at his feet,  
Like him who tries the bridge he fears may fail,  
Crost and came near, lifted adoring eyes,  
Bow'd at her side and utter'd whisperingly:

'Enid, the pilot star of my lone life,  
Enid, my early and my only love,  
Enid, the loss of whom hath turn'd me wild—  
What chance is this? how is it I see you here?  
Ye are in my power at last, are in my power. 310  
Yet fear me not: I call mine own self wild,  
But keep a touch of sweet civility  
Here in the heart of waste and wilderness.  
I thought, but that your father came between,  
In former days you saw me favourably.  
And if it were so do not keep it back:  
Make me a little happier: let me know it:  
Owe you me nothing for a life half-lost?  
Yea, yea, the whole dear debt of all you are.  
And, Enid, you and he, I see with joy, 320  
Ye sit apart, you do not speak to him,  
You come with no attendance, page or maid,  
To serve you—doth he love you as of old?  
For, call it lovers' quarrels, yet I know  
Tho' men may bicker with the things they love,  
They would not make them laughable in all eyes,  
Not while they loved them; and your wretched dress,

A wretched insult on you, dumbly speaks  
Your story, that this man loves you no more.  
Your beauty is no beauty to him now : 330  
A common chance—right well I know it—pall'd—  
For I know men : nor will ye win him back,  
For the man's love once gone never returns.  
But here is one who loves you as of old ;  
With more exceeding passion than of old :  
Good, speak the word : my followers ring him round :  
He sits unarm'd ; I hold a finger up ;  
They understand : nay ; I do not mean blood :  
Nor need ye look so scared at what I say :  
My malice is no deeper than a moat, 340  
No stronger than a wall : there is the keep ;  
He shall not cross us more ; speak but the word :  
Or speak it not ; but then by Him that made me  
The one true lover whom you ever own'd,  
I will make use of all the power I have.  
O pardon me ! the madness of that hour,  
When first I parted from thee, moves me yet.'

At this the tender sound of his own voice  
And sweet self-pity, or the fancy of it,  
Made his eye moist ; but Enid fear'd his eyes, 350  
Moist as they were, wine-heated from the feast ;  
And answer'd with such craft as women use,  
Guilty or guiltless, to stave off a chance  
That breaks upon them perilously, and said :

'Earl, if you love me as in former years,  
And do not practise on me, come with morn,  
And snatch me from him as by violence ;  
Leave me to-night : I am weary to the death.'

Low at leave-taking, with his brandish'd plume  
Brushing his instep, bow'd the all-amorous Earl, 360

And the stout Prince bad him a loud good-night.  
He moving homeward babbled to his men,  
How Enid never loved a man but him,  
Nor cared a broken egg-shell for her lord.

But Enid left alone with Prince Geraint,  
Debating his command of silence given,  
And that she now perforce must violate it,  
Held commune with herself, and while she held  
He fell asleep, and Enid had no heart  
To wake him, but hung o'er him, wholly pleased 370  
To find him yet unwounded after fight,  
And hear him breathing low and equally.  
Anon she rose, and stepping lightly, heap'd  
The pieces of his armour in one place,  
All to be there against a sudden need ;  
Then dozed awhile herself, but overtoil'd  
By that day's grief and travel, evermore  
Seem'd catching at a rootless thorn, and then  
Went slipping down horrible precipices,  
And strongly striking out her limbs awoke ; 380  
Then thought she heard the wild Earl at the door,  
With all his rout of random followers,  
Sound on a dreadful trumpet, summoning her ;  
Which was the red cock shouting to the light,  
As the gray dawn stole o'er the dewy world,  
And glimmer'd on his armour in the room.  
And once again she rose to look at it,  
But touch'd it unawares : jangling, the casque  
Fell, and he started up and stared at her.  
Then breaking his command of silence given, 390  
She told him all that Earl Limours had said,  
Except the passage that he loved her not ;  
Nor left untold the craft herself had used ;  
But ended with apology so sweet,  
Low-spoken, and of so few words, and seem'd



So justified by that necessity, .  
That tho' he thought 'was it for him she wept  
In Devon?' he but gave a wrathful groan,  
Saying, 'Your sweet faces make good fellows fools  
And traitors. Call the host and bid him bring 400'  
Charger and palfrey.' So she glided out  
Among the heavy breathings of the house,  
And like a household Spirit at the walls  
Beat, till she woke the sleepers, and return'd :  
Then tending her rough lord, tho' all unask'd,  
In silence, did him service as a squire ;  
Till issuing arm'd he found the host and cried,  
'Thy reckoning, friend?' and ere he learnt it, 'Take  
Five horses and their armours ;' and the host  
Suddenly honest, answer'd in amaze, 410  
'My lord, I scarce have spent the worth of one !'  
'Ye will be all the wealthier,' said the Prince,  
And then to Enid, 'Forward ! and to-day  
I charge you, Enid, more especially,  
What thing soever ye may hear, or see,  
Or fancy (tho' I count it of small use  
To charge you) that ye speak not but obey.'

And Enid answer'd, 'Yea, my lord, I know  
Your wish, and would obey : but riding first,  
I hear the violent threats you do not hear, 420  
I see the danger which you cannot see :  
Then not to give you warning, that seems hard ;  
Almost beyond me : yet I would obey.'

'Yea, so,' said he, 'do it : be not too wise ;  
Seeing that ye are wedded to a man,  
Not all mismated with a yawning clown,  
But one with arms to guard his head and yours,  
With eyes to find you out however far,  
And ears to hear you even in his dreams.'

With that he turn'd and look'd as keenly at her 430  
As careful robins eye the delver's toil ;  
And that within her, which a wanton fool,  
Or hasty judger would have call'd her guilt,  
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall.  
And Geraint look'd and was not satisfied.

Then forward by a way which, beaten broad,  
Led from the territory of false Limours  
To the waste earldom of another earl,  
Doorn, whom his shaking vassals call'd the Bull, 440  
Went Enid with her sullen follower on.  
Once she look'd back, and when she saw him ride  
More near by many a rood than yesternorn,  
It wellnigh made her cheerful ; till Geraint  
Waving an angry hand as who should say  
'Ye watch me,' sadden'd all her heart again.  
But while the sun yet beat a dewy blade,  
The sound of many a heavily-galloping hoof  
Smote on her ear, and turning round she saw  
Dust, and the points of lances bicker in it.  
Then not to disobey her lord's behest, 450  
And yet to give him warning, for he rode  
As if he heard not, moving back she held  
Her finger up, and pointed to the dust.  
At which the warrior in his obstinacy,  
Because she kept the letter of his word,  
Was in a manner pleased, and turning, stood.  
And in the moment after, wild Limours,  
Borne on a black horse, like a thunder-cloud  
Whose skirts are loosen'd by the breaking storm,  
Half ridden off with by the thing he rode, 460  
And all in passion uttering a dry shriek,  
Dash'd on Geraint, who closed with him, and bore  
Down by the length of lance and arm beyond  
The crupper, and so left him stunn'd or dead,

And overthrew the next that follow'd him,  
And blindly rush'd on all the rout behind.  
But at the flash and motion of the man  
They vanish'd panic-stricken, like a shoal  
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn  
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot  
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand, 470  
But if a man who stands upon the brink  
But lift a shining hand against the sun,  
There is not left the twinkle of a fin  
Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower;  
So, scared but at the motion of the man,  
Fled all the boon companions of the Earl,  
And left him lying in the public way;  
So vanish friendships only made in wine.

Then like a stormy sunlight smiled Geraint, 480  
Who saw the chargers of the two that fell  
Start from their fallen lords, and wildly fly,  
Mixt with the flyers. 'Horse and man,' he said,  
'All of one mind and all right-honest friends!  
Not a hoof left: and I methinks till now  
Was honest—paid with horses and with arms;  
I cannot steal or plunder, no nor beg:  
And so what say ye, shall we strip him there  
Your lover? has your palfrey heart enough  
To bear his armour? shall we fast, or dine? 490  
No?—then do thou, being right honest, pray  
That we may meet the horsemen of Earl Doorm,  
I too would still be honest.' Thus he said:  
And sadly gazing on her bridle-reins,  
And answering not one word, she led the way.

But as a man to whom a dreadful loss  
Falls in a far land, and he knows it not,  
But coming back he learns it, and the loss

So pains him that he sickens nigh to death;  
So fared it with Geraint, who being prick'd 500  
In combat with the follower of Limours,  
Bled underneath his armour secretly,  
And so rode on, nor told his gentle wife  
What ail'd him, hardly knowing it himself,  
Till his eye darken'd and his helmet wagg'd;  
And at a sudden swerving of the road,  
Tho' happily down on a bank of grass,  
The Prince, without a word, from his horse fell.

And Enid heard the clashing of his fall,  
Suddenly came, and at his side all pale 510  
Dismounting, loosed the fastenings of his arms,  
Nor let her true hand falter, nor blue eye  
Moisten, till she had lighted on his wound,  
And tearing off her veil of faded silk  
Had bared her forehead to the blistering sun,  
And swathed the hurt that drain'd her dear lord's life.  
Then after all was done that hand could do,  
She rested, and her desolation came  
Upon her, and she wept beside the way.

And many past, but none regarded her, 520  
For in that realm of lawless turbulence,  
A woman weeping for her murder'd mate  
Was cared as much for as a summer shower:  
One took him for a victim of Earl Doorm,  
Nor dared to waste a perilous pity on him:  
Another hurrying past, a man-at-arms,  
Rode on a mission to the bandit Earl;  
Half whistling and half singing a coarse song,  
He drove the dust against her veiless eyes:  
Another, flying from the wrath of Doorm 530  
Before an ever-fancied arrow, made  
The long way smoke beneath him in his fear;

At which her palfrey whinnying lifted heel,  
 And scour'd into the coppices and was lost,  
 While the great charger stood, grieved like a man.

But at the point of noon the huge Earl Doorm,  
 Broad-faced with under-fringe of russet beard,  
 Bound on a foray, rolling eyes of prey,  
 Came riding with a hundred lances up;  
 But ere he came, like one that hails a ship, 540  
 Cried out with a big voice, 'What, is he dead?'  
 'No, no, not dead!' she answer'd in all haste.  
 'Would some of your kind people take him up,  
 And bear him hence out of this cruel sun?  
 Most sure am I, quite sure, he is not dead.'

Then said Earl Doorm: 'Well, if he be not dead,  
 Why wail ye for him thus? ye seem a child.  
 And be he dead, I count you for a fool;  
 Your wailing will not quicken him: dead or not,  
 Ye mar a comely face with idiot tears. 550  
 Yet, since the face *is* comely—some of you,  
 Here, take him up, and bear him to our hall:  
 An if he live, we will have him of our band;  
 And if he die, why earth has earth enough  
 To hide him. See ye take the charger too,  
 A noble one.'

He spake, and past away,  
 But left two brawny spearmen, who advanced,  
 Each growling like a dog, when his good bone  
 Seems to be pluck'd at by the village boys  
 Who love to vex him eating, and he fears 560  
 To lose his bone, and lays his foot upon it,  
 Gnawing and growling: so the ruffians growl'd,  
 Fearing to lose, and all for a dead man,  
 Their chance of booty from the morning's raid,  
 Yet raised and laid him on a litter-bier,

Such as they brought upon their forays out  
For those that might be wounded ; laid him on it  
All in the hollow of his shield, and took  
And bore him to the naked hall of Doorm,  
(His gentle charger following him unled) 570  
And cast him and the bier in which he lay  
Down on an oaken settle in the hall,  
And then departed, hot in haste to join  
Their luckier mates, but growling as before,  
And cursing their lost time, and the dead man,  
And their own Earl, and their own souls, and her.  
They might as well have blest her : she was deaf •  
To blessing or to cursing save from one.

So for long hours sat Enid by her lord,  
There in the naked hall, propping his head, 580  
And chafing his pale hands, and calling to him.  
Till at the last he waken'd from his swoon,  
And found his own dear bride propping his head,  
And chafing his faint hands, and calling to him ;  
And felt the warm tears falling on his face ;  
And said to his own heart, 'She weeps for me :'  
And yet lay still, and feign'd himself as dead,  
That he might prove her to the uttermost,  
And say to his own heart, 'She weeps for me.'

But in the falling afternoon return'd 590  
The huge Earl Doorm with plunder to the hall.  
His lusty spearmen follow'd him with noise :  
Each hurling down a heap of things that rang  
Against the pavement, cast his lance aside,  
And doff'd his helm : and then there flutter'd in,  
Half-bold, half-frighted, with dilated eyes,  
A tribe of women, dress'd in many hues,  
And mingled with the spearmen : and Earl Doorm  
Struck with a knife's haft hard against the board,

And call'd for flesh and wine to feed his spears. 600  
And men brought in whole hogs and quarter beeves,  
And all the hall was dim with steam of flesh :  
And none spake word, but all sat down at once,  
And ate with tumult in the naked hall,  
Feeding like horses when you hear them feed ;  
Till Enid shrank far back into herself,  
To shun the wild ways of the lawless tribe.  
But when Earl Doorm had eaten all he would,  
He roll'd his eyes about the hall, and found  
A damsel drooping in a corner of it. 610  
Then he remember'd her, and how she wept ;  
And out of her there came a power upon him ;  
And rising on the sudden he said, 'Eat !  
I never yet beheld a thing so pale.  
God's curse, it makes me mad to see you weep.  
Eat ! Look yourself. Good luck had your good man,  
For were I dead who is it would weep for me ?  
Sweet lady, never since I first drew breath  
Have I beheld a lily like yourself.  
And so there lived some colour in your cheek, 620  
There is not one among my gentlewomen  
Were fit to wear your slipper for a glove.  
But listen to me, and by me be ruled,  
And I will do the thing I have not done,  
For ye shall share my earldom with me, girl,  
And we will live like two birds in one nest,  
And I will fetch you forage from all fields,  
For I compel all creatures to my will.'

He spoke : the brawny spearman let his cheek 629  
Bulge with the unsallow'd piece, and turning stared ;  
While some, whose souls the old serpent long had drawn  
Down, as the worm draws in the wither'd leaf  
And makes it earth, hiss'd each at other's ear  
What shall not be recorded—women they,

Women, or what had been those gracious things  
But now desired the humbling of their best,  
Yea, would have help'd him to it: and all at once  
They hated her, who took no thought of them,  
But answer'd in low voice, her meek head yet  
Drooping, 'I pray you of your courtesy,  
He being as he is, to let me be.' 640

She spake so low he hardly heard her speak,  
But like a mighty patron, satisfied  
With what himself had done so graciously,  
Assumed that she had thank'd him, adding, 'Yea,  
Eat and be glad, for I account you mine.'

She answer'd meekly, 'How should I be glad  
Henceforth in all the world at anything,  
Until my lord arise and look upon me?'

Here the huge Earl cried out upon her talk, 650  
As all but empty heart and weariness  
And sickly nothing; suddenly seized on her,  
And bare her by main violence to the board,  
And thrust the dish before her, crying, 'Eat.'

'No, no,' said Enid, vext, 'I will not eat  
Till yonder man upon the bier arise,  
And eat with me.' 'Drink, then,' he answer'd. 'Here!'  
(And fill'd a horn with wine and held it to her,)  
'Lo! I, myself, when flush'd with fight, or hot,  
God's curse, with anger—often I myself, 660  
Before I well have drunken, scarce can eat:  
Drink therefore and the wine will change your will.'

'Not so,' she cried, 'by Heaven, I will not drink  
Till my dear lord arise and bid me do it,  
And drink with me; and if he rise no more,  
I will not look at wine until I die.'



At this he turn'd all red and paced his hall,  
Now gnaw'd his under, now his upper lip,  
And coming up close to her, said at last :  
'Girl, for I see ye scorn my courtesies, 670  
Take warning : yonder man is surely dead ;  
And I compel all creatures to my will.  
Not eat nor drink ? And wherefore wail for one,  
Who put your beauty to this flout and scorn  
By dressing it in rags ? Amazed am I,  
Beholding how ye butt against my wish,  
That I forbear you thus : cross me no more.  
At least put off to please me this poor gown,  
This silken rag, this beggar-woman's weed :  
I love that beauty should go beautifully : 680  
For see ye not my gentlewomen here,  
How gay, how suited to the house of one  
Who loves that beauty should go beautifully ?  
Rise therefore ; robe yourself in this : obey.'

He spoke, and one among his gentlewomen  
Display'd a splendid silk of foreign loom,  
Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue  
Play'd into green, and thicker down the front  
With jewels than the sward with drops of dew,  
When all night long a cloud clings to the hill, 690  
And with the dawn ascending lets the day  
Strike where it clung : so thickly shone the gems.

But Enid answer'd, harder to be moved  
Than hardest tyrants in their day of power,  
With life-long injuries burning unavenged,  
And now their hour has come ; and Enid said :

'In this poor gown my dear lord found me first,  
And loved me serving in my father's hall :  
In this poor gown I rode with him to court,

And there the Queen array'd me like the sun : 700  
In this poor gown he bad me clothe myself,  
When now we rode upon this fatal quest  
Of honour, where no honour can be gain'd :  
And this poor gown I will not cast aside  
Until himself arise a living man,  
And bid me cast it. I have griefs enough :  
Pray you be gentle, pray you let me be :  
I never loved, can never love but him :  
Yea, God, I pray you of your gentleness,  
He being as he is, to let me be.' 710

Then strode the brute Earl up and down his hall,  
And took his russet beard between his teeth ;  
Last, coming up quite close, and in his mood  
Crying, 'I count it of no more avail,  
Dame, to be gentle than ungentle with you ;  
Take my salute,' unknowingly with flat hand,  
However lightly, smote her on the cheek.

Then Enid, in her utter helplessness,  
And since she thought, 'He had not dared to do it,  
Except he surely knew my lord was dead,' 720  
Sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter cry,  
As of a wild thing taken in the trap,  
Which sees the trapper coming thro' the wood.

This heard Geraint, and grasping at his sword,  
(It lay beside him in the hollow shield),  
Made but a single bound, and with a sweep of it  
Shore thro' the swarthy neck, and like a ball  
The russet-bearded head roll'd on the floor.  
So died Earl Doorm by him he counted dead.  
And all the men and women in the hall 730  
Rose when they saw the dead man rise, and fled  
Yelling as from a spectre, and the two  
Were left alone together, and he said :

"Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man ;  
 Done you more wrong : we both have undergone  
 That trouble which has left me thrice your own :  
 Henceforward I will rather die than doubt.  
 And here I lay this penance on myself,  
 Not, tho' mine own ears heard you yestermorn—  
 You thought me sleeping, but I heard you say,                      740  
 I heard you say, that you were no true wife :  
 I swear I will not ask your meaning in it :  
 I do believe yourself against yourself,  
 And will henceforward rather die than doubt.'

And Enid could not say one tender word,  
 She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart :  
 She only pray'd him, 'Fly, they will return  
 And slay you ; fly, your charger is without,  
 My palfrey lost.' 'Then, Enid, shall you ride  
 Behind me.' 'Yea,' said Enid, 'let us go.'                      750  
 And moving out they found the stately horse,  
 Who now no more a vassal to the thief,  
 But free to stretch his limbs in lawful fight,  
 Neigh'd with all gladness as they came, and stoop'd  
 With a low whinny toward the pair : and she  
 Kiss'd the white star upon his noble front,  
 Glad also ; then Geraint upon the horse  
 Mounted, and reach'd a hand, and on his foot  
 She set her own and climb'd ; he turn'd his face  
 And kiss'd her climbing, and she cast her arms                      760  
 About him, and at once they rode away.

And never yet, since high in Paradise  
 O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,  
 Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind  
 Than lived thro' her, who in that perilous hour  
 Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,  
 And felt him hers again : she did not weep,

## GERAINT AND ENID.

But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist  
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green  
Before the useful trouble of the rain : 770  
Yet not so misty were her meek blue eyes  
As not to see before them on the path,  
Right in the gateway of the bandit hold,  
A knight of Arthur's court, who laid his lance  
In rest, and made as if to fall upon him.  
Then, fearing for his hurt and loss of blood,  
She, with her mind all full of what had chanced,  
Shriek'd to the stranger 'Slay not a dead man !'  
'The voice of Enid,' said the knight ; but she,  
Beholding it was Edyrn son of Nudd, 780  
Was moved so much the more, and shriek'd again,  
'O cousin, slay not him who gave you life.'  
And Edyrn moving frankly forward spake :  
'My lord Geraint, I greet you with all love ;  
I took you for a bandit knight of Doorm ;  
And fear not, Enid, I should fall upon him,  
Who love you, Prince, with something of the love  
Wherewith we love the Heaven that chastens us.  
For once, when I was up so high in pride  
That I was halfway down the slope to Hell, 790  
By overthrowing me you threw me higher.  
Now, made a knight of Arthur's Table Round,  
And since I knew this Earl, when I myself  
Was half a bandit in my lawless hour,  
I come the mouthpiece of our King to Doorm  
(The King is close behind me) bidding him  
Disband himself, and scatter all his powers,  
Submit, and hear the judgment of the King.'

'He hears the judgment of the King of kings,'  
Cried the wan Prince ; 'and lo, the powers of Doorm 800  
Are scatter'd,' and he pointed to the field,  
Where, huddled here and there on mound and knoll,

Were men and women staring and aghast,  
While some yet fled ; and then he plainlier told  
How the huge Earl lay slain within his hall.  
But when the knight besought him, ' Follow me,  
Prince, to the camp, and in the King's own ear  
Speak what has chanced ; ye surely have endured  
Strange chances here alone ; ' that other flush'd,  
And hung his head, and halted in reply, 810  
Fearing the mild face of the blameless King,  
And after madness acted question ask'd :  
Till Eðyrn crying, ' If ye will not go  
To Arthur, then will Arthur come to you,'  
' Enough,' he said, ' I follow,' and they went.  
But Enid in their going had two fears,  
One from the bandit scatter'd in the field,  
And one from Eðyrn. Every now and then,  
When Eðyrn rein'd his charger at her side,  
She shrank a little. In a hollow land, 820  
From which old fires have broken, men may fear  
Fresh fire and ruin. He, perceiving, said :

' Fair and dear cousin, you that most had cause  
To fear me, fear no longer, I am changed.  
Yourself were first the blameless cause to make  
My nature's prideful sparkle in the blood  
Break into furious flame ; being repulsed  
By Yniol and yourself, I schemed and wrought  
Until I overturn'd him ; then set up  
(With one main purpose ever at my heart) 830  
My haughty jousts, and took a paramour ;  
Did her mock-honour as the fairest fair,  
And, toppling over all antagonism,  
So wax'd in pride, that I believed myself  
Unconquerable, for I was wellnigh mad :  
And, but for my main purpose in these jousts,

I should have slain your father, seized yourself.  
I lived in hope that sometime you would come  
To these my lists with him whom best you loved ;  
And there, poor cousin, with your meek blue eyes, 840  
The truest eyes that ever answer'd Heaven,  
Behold me overturn and trample on him.  
Then, had you cried, or knelt, or pray'd to me,  
I should not less have kill'd him. And you came,—  
But once you came,—and with your own true eyes  
Beheld the man you loved (I speak as one  
Speaks of a service done him) overthrow  
My proud self, and my purpose three years old,  
And set his foot upon me, and give me life.  
There was I broken down ; there was I saved : 850  
Tho' thence I rode all-shamed, hating the life  
He gave me, meaning to be rid of it.  
And all the penance the Queen laid upon me  
Was but to rest awhile within her court ;  
Where first as sullen as a beast new-caged,  
And waiting to be treated like a wolf,  
Because I knew my deeds were known, I found,  
Instead of scornful pity or pure scorn,  
Such fine reserve and noble reticence,  
Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace 860  
Of tenderest courtesy, that I began  
To glance behind me at my former life,  
And find that it had been the wolf's indeed :  
And oft I talk'd with Dubric, the high saint,  
Who, with mild heat of holy oratory,  
Subdued me somewhat to that gentleness,  
Which, when it weds with manhood, makes a man.  
And you were often there about the Queen,  
But saw me not, or mark'd not if you saw ;  
Nor did I care or dare to speak with you, 870  
But kept myself aloof till I was changed ;  
And fear not, cousin ; I am changed indeed.'

He spoke, and Enid easily believed,  
Like simple noble natures, credulous  
Of what they long for, good in friend or foe,  
There most in those who most have done them ill.  
And when they reach'd the camp the King himself  
Advanced to greet them, and beholding her  
Tho' pale, yet happy, ask'd her not a word,  
But went apart with Edyrn, whom he held 880  
In converse for a little, and return'd,  
And, gravely smiling, lifted her from horse,  
And kiss'd her with all pureness, brotherlike,  
And show'd an empty tent allotted her,  
And glancing for a minute, till he saw her  
Pass into it, turn'd to the Prince, and said :

'Prince, when of late ye pray'd me for my leave  
To move to your own land, and there defend  
Your marches, I was prick'd with some reproof,  
As one that let foul wrong stagnate and be, 890  
By having look'd too much thro' alien eyes,  
And wrought too long with delegated hands,  
Not used mine own : but now behold me come  
To cleanse this common sewer of all my realm,  
With Edyrn and with others : have ye look'd  
At Edyrn ? have ye seen how nobly changed ?  
This work of his is great and wonderful.  
His very face with change of heart is changed.  
The world will not believe a man repents :  
And this wise world of ours is mainly right. 900  
Full seldom doth a man repent, or use  
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch  
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,  
And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.  
Edyrn has done it, weeding all his heart  
As I will weed this land before I go.  
I, therefore, made him of our Table Round,

Not rashly, but have proved him everyway  
One of our noblest, our most valorous,  
Sanest and most obedient: and indeed 910  
This work of Edyrn wrought upon himself  
After a life of violence, seems to me  
A thousand-fold more great and wonderful  
Than if some knight of mine, risking his life,  
My subject with my subjects under him,  
Should make an onslaught single on a realm  
Of robbers, tho' he slew them one by one,  
And were himself nigh wounded to the death.'

So spake the King; low bow'd the Prince, and felt  
His work was neither great nor wonderful, 920  
And past to Enid's tent; and thither came  
The King's own leech to look into his hurt;  
And Enid tended on him there; and there  
Her constant motion round him, and the breath  
Of her sweet tendance hovering over him,  
Fill'd all the genial courses of his blood  
With deeper and with ever deeper love,  
As the south-west that blowing Bala lake  
Fills all the sacred Dee. So past the days.

But while Geraint lay healing of his hurt, 930  
The blameless King went forth and cast his eyes  
On each of all whom Uther left in charge  
Long since, to guard the justice of the King:  
He look'd and found them wanting; and as now  
Men weed the white horse on the Berkshire hills  
To keep him bright and clean as heretofore,  
He rooted out the slothful officer  
Or guilty, which for bribe had wink'd at wrong,  
And in their chairs set up a stronger race  
With hearts and hands, and sent a thousand men 940  
To till the wastes, and moving everywhere



Clear'd the dark places and let in the law,  
And broke the bandit holds and cleansed the land.

Then, when Geraint was whole again, they past  
With Arthur to Caerleon upon Usk.  
There the great Queen once more embraced her friend,  
And clothed her in apparel like the day.  
And tho' Geraint could never take again  
That comfort from their converse which he took  
Before the Queen's fair name was breathed upon, 950  
He rested well content that all was well.  
Thence after tarrying for a space they rode,  
And fifty knights rode with them to the shores  
Of Severn, and they past to their own land.  
And there he kept the justice of the King  
So vigorously yet mildly, that all hearts  
Applauded, and the spiteful whisper died :  
And being ever foremost in the chase,  
And victor at the tilt and tournament,  
They call'd him the great Prince and man of men. 960  
But Enid, whom her ladies loved to call  
Enid the Fair, a grateful people named  
Enid the Good ; and in their halls arose  
The cry of children, Enids and Geraints  
Of times to be ; nor did he doubt her more,  
But rested in her fealty, till he crown'd  
A happy life with a fair death, and fell  
Against the heathen of the Northern Sea  
In battle, fighting for the blameless King.

## NOTES.

### THE MARRIAGE OF GERAINT.

1. **Geraint** is a Welsh name, which appears in Geoffrey of Monmouth in the form of 'Geruntius' as the name of an early British king, but the hero of this story is called *Erec fiz Lac* by Chrestien de Troyes, and if, as seems probable, the Welsh tale of *Geraint ab Erbin* is derived from the French, the story has been transferred in its Welsh form to the national hero Geraint ab Erbin, Prince of Dyvnaint (Devon), who 'fell fighting valiantly against the Saxons, under Arthur's banner, in the battle of Llongborth.' Lady Charlotte Guest quotes some stanzas from the ancient Welsh poet Llywarch Hên upon his death:—

'At Llongborth I saw the tumult  
And the slain drenched in gore,  
And red-stained warriors from the assault of the foe.

Before Geraint, the scourge of the enemy,  
I saw steeds white with foam,  
And after the shout of battle, a fearful torrent.

. . . . .

At Llongborth was Geraint slain,  
A valiant warrior from the woodlands of Devon,  
Slaughtering foes as he fell.'

We are told also that he was canonized, and a church dedicated to him at Hereford. Geraint, however, is an exclusively British hero, whereas the tale of *Erec et Enide* is a part of the common stock of European romance. Erec is by Chrestien de Troyes placed second among the knights of Arthur, Gauvain being first.

2. **A tributary prince of Devon** etc. Arthur 'through the puissance of his Table Round' had made a realm by drawing together under him the petty princes who warred with one another, and of these some he made knights of his Order. In *Gareth and Lynette*, 413 ff., he says:—

'The kings we found, ye know we stayed their hands  
 From war among themselves, but left them kings;  
 Of whom were any bounteous, merciful,  
 Truth-speaking, brave, good livers, them we enroll'd  
 Among us, and they sit within our hall.'

3. **Order of the Table Round.** In *Morte Darthur*, 3, 1 (representing here the *Roman de Merlin*), we are told that the Round Table was presented by King Leodegrance, the father of Guinevere, to Arthur at his marriage. It had places for a hundred and fifty knights, and Leodegrance sent a hundred, bidding Arthur fill up the remaining fifty places; but Merlin left two places void, the 'Siege Perilous' and another. In *Morte Darthur*, 14, 2, following here the *Roman de Lancelot*, we are told that Merlin made the Round Table in token of the roundness of the world. 'For all the world, Christian and heathen, repair unto the Round Table, and when they are chosen to be of the fellowship of the Round Table, they think themselves more blessed and more in worship than if they had gotten half the world.' And he made one place at it where no one might sit but he only who should pass all other knights, and this was the Siege Perilous, in the which Galahad at length sat. At Whitsuntide was held each year the high feast of the Table Round, at which the number of knights was made up to the full tale. Other legends, however, say that the Round Table was made after the model of that used by Christ for the Last Supper and had thirteen seats, of which one, corresponding to that occupied by Christ himself, was left vacant.

In *Guinevere*, 456 ff., Arthur says:—

'But I was first of all the kings who drew  
 The knighthood-errant of this realm and all  
 The realms together under me, their Head,  
 In that fair Order of my 'Table Round,  
 A glorious company, the flower of men,  
 To serve as model for the mighty world,  
 And be the fair beginning of a time.  
 I made them lay their hands in mine and swear  
 To reverence the King, as if he were  
 Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,  
 To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,  
 To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,  
 To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,  
 To honour his own word as if his God's,  
 To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,  
 To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
 And worship her by years of noble deeds,  
 Until they won her.'

The idea of an order of chivalry such as is described in the Arthur romances belongs to the 13th and 14th centuries, at which period such institutions flourished. The English order of the Garter, and probably some other orders of chivalry, were founded in imitation of the Round Table. A table called King Arthur's Round Table is preserved at Winchester, and is mentioned by Caxton in the preface to the *Morte Darthur* as one of the relics which make Arthur's historical existence seem more probable.

4. **Had married Enid.** The poet begins his story after the marriage of Geraint, but then, in l. 146, breaks off to tell the tale of that marriage, and the original narrative is not resumed till the beginning of the next idyll, *Geraint and Enid*, which at first formed simply a second part of the idyll of *Enid*. We have the same arrangement of the story in *Merlin and Vivien*, *Lancelot and Elaine*, *The Last Tournament*, and *Guinevere*; here however the narrative of previous events is carried to a much greater length than in any of the other examples, and by some critics is thought to interfere with the artistic unity of the two idylls, which, though divided, are after all one rather than two.

6. **And as the light of Heaven etc.** This is one of those similes so often found in Tennyson, which suggests to us an application of the comparison in minute details rather than in one salient point. Here it is not only the varying of the light of heaven to which our attention is called, but the particular forms of its variation, which are compared with the different aspects of Enid's beauty, arrayed now in crimson like the sunrise, now in purple like the evening, and now sparkling with gems which are like the trembling light of the stars. In this characteristic Tennyson's similes somewhat resemble those of Virgil. For the substance of the comparison here made, cp. *Pelleas and Ettarre*, 51:—

'Damsels in divers colours like the cloud  
Of sunset and sunrise.'

11. **but, 'only.'** This use of 'but' is apparently derived from its use with a negative, 'She did it but to please him,' meaning 'She did it for no purpose except to please him.' Properly 'but' means 'except,' from Anglo-Saxon *butan*, 'outside.'

13. **fronted him, 'met him,'** so in *Guinevere*, 62:—

'Henceforward rarely could she front in hall  
Or elsewhere Modred's narrow foxy face':

and often in older English.

14. **the Queen.** Arthur's queen is Guinevere, or in the Welsh stories, *Gwenhwyvar*. In the French romances followed by

Malory she is said to have been the daughter of King Leodegrance of Camelard, see *The Coming of Arthur*. She was loved by Sir Lancelot du Lac, the warrior whom the King loved and honoured most, and her infidelity was the principal cause of the dissolution of the Order of the Round Table, leading, as it did, to war between Lancelot and the King. 'Alas, me sore repenteth, said the king, that ever Sir Launcelot should be against me. Now I am sure the noble fellowship of the Round Table is broken for ever, for with him will many a noble knight hold' (*Morte Darthur*, 20, 7). Tennyson makes the same event lead to the dissolution of the Round Table, but by the action of moral rather than material causes. Arthur, reproaching Guinevere as the cause of his life's failure, says:—

'And all this throve before I wedded thee,  
Believing, "lo mine helpmate, one to feel  
My purpose and rejoicing in my joy."  
Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot;  
Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt;  
Then others, following these my mightiest knights,  
And drawing foul ensample from fair names,  
Sinn'd also, till the loathsome opposite  
Of all my heart had destined did obtain,  
And all thro' thee.'—*Guinevere*, 480 ff.

16. **Loved her.** In *Guinevere* Enid is called the best of all the queen's court, as Vivien the worst.

17. **Array'd**, see note on l. 516.

**deck'd**, properly 'covered,' a word borrowed from Old Dutch (cp. German *decken*), but with meaning perhaps modified by confusion with 'decorate.'

22. **close.** So in *Balin and Balan*, 132:—

'I never can be close with her, as he  
That brought her hither.'

23. **common**, i.e. 'mutual,' that which each felt for the other. This friendship between Enid and the Queen was in fact what Geraint had most desired for his bride, see l. 791 of this idyll.

26. **there lived no proof**, 'no proof subsisted' The word 'live' is used of persistent rumour or tradition, and means much the same as 'prevail,' as in *Princess*, l. 5:—

'There liv'd an ancient legend in our house,'  
and *Gardener's Daughter*, 49:—

'not less among us lived  
Her fame from lip to lip.'

Cp. *Gareth and Lynette*, 1391:—

'So large mirth lived.'

27. **breaking into storm.** The metaphor is of a gradually rising wind, first rustling among the leaves, and then breaking into loud violence.

28. **Geraint believed it.** The defect of Geraint's character, as represented in these idylls, is suspiciousness. He was ready to believe the rumours about the Queen, before they were proved; he was quick to suspect Enid of loving some other rather than himself; and her burning cheek and falling eyelid, when she perceives that he distrusts her, are to him evidence of her disloyalty (*Geraint and Enid*, 430).

31. **taint** (from French *teint*, Lat. *tingere*) means properly 'stain,' or 'colouring,' like 'tint.'

33. **He made this pretext.** In the original story Geraint is recalled by a message from his father Erbin, who says that he is growing old, and the neighbouring chiefs are becoming insolent, and requests Arthur to allow Geraint to return to protect his boundaries, a better occupation for his youth than tournaments, 'which are productive of no profit, although he obtains glory in them' (*Mabinogion*, p. 158). The connection of Geraint's departure with the rumours about Guinevere is due to the poet, and constitutes the chief link between these two idylls and the main subject of the *Idylls of the King*.

35. **bandit**, 'outlawed,' from Ital. *bandire*, 'to proclaim' or 'proscribe'; but this word was originally borrowed by Low Latin from German, and so is cognate with the English 'ban' meaning 'proclamation,' cp. 'banns' of marriage (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

**caltif**, from Old French *caltif* (modern *chétif*) meaning 'captive,' and thence 'wretch,' 'villain.' Cp. Ital. *cattivo*, which has both senses.

39. **common sewer**, because it was the place where all the worst and most worthless persons of the realm congregated, as refuse flows into a common sewer.

41. **marches**, 'boundaries,' from 'mark,' meaning 'line,' Anglo-Saxon *mearc*.

42. **Mused for a little.** Arthur is unsuspecting always, even on the brink of the catastrophe, see *Last Tournament*, 38, 103. The subject of his musing is stated by himself in *Geraint and Enid*, 887-893:—

'Prince, when of late ye pray'd me for my leave  
To move to your own land, and there defend  
Your marches, I was pricked with some reproof,  
As one that let foul wrong stagnate and be,  
By having look'd too much thro' alien eyes,

And wrought too long with delegated hands,  
Not used mine own.'

For the etymology of 'mused,' see note on l. 295.

43. **Allowing it, the Prince** etc. The subject is changed from 'the King' to 'the Prince and Enid,' and 'allowing it,' which of course belongs to 'the King,' is left hanging without regular construction: cp. *Gareth and Lynette*, 670 ff.:—

'as those

Dull-coated things, that making slide apart  
Their dusk wing-cases, all beneath there burns  
A jewell'd harness.'

45. **Of Severn.** Arthur's court was being held at Caerleon upon Usk, see ll. 146 and 826 ff., and to pass thence into Devonshire it would be necessary to cross the estuary of the Severn.

**past.** Tennyson (after Spenser) adopts this form of spelling for the past tense of several words, as 'past,' 'vext,' 'slipt,' 'drest,' 'fixt,' for 'passed,' 'vexed,' 'slipped,' 'dressed,' 'fixed.' He does not however use it quite so freely as Spenser, who says 'kist,' 'chaft,' 'flockt,' 'chaunst' etc.

46. **thinking, that.** The conjunction 'that' is redundant, because the very words of his thought are quoted. We find the same use often in Greek.

48. **observances, 'regards.'**

49. **worship** is properly 'worthship,' and so it is used in older English where 'to win worship' is 'to gain glory.' Hence it means the respect and honour which is paid to worth.

50. **Forgetful of his promise** etc. The repetition in these lines is quite in the manner of Tennyson: see Introduction.

Here we have the repetition employed to emphasize one particular word, and for this we may compare in *Enoch Arden*, 590:—

'The blaze upon the waters to the east;  
The blaze upon his island overhead;  
The blaze upon the waters to the west.'

In the *Princess*, 2, 155:—

'everywhere

Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,  
Two in the tangled business of the world,  
Two in the liberal offices of life,  
Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss  
Of science and the secrets of the mind.'

And in the *Holy Grail*, 474:—

'Fainter by day, but always in the night  
 Blood-red, and sliding down the blacken'd marsh  
 Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top  
 Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below  
 Blood-red.'

52. the falcon, i.e., the sport of hawking.

53. the tilt, the exercise of tilting as practised in tournaments.

54. **princedom**: formed after the model of 'kingdom,' so also in *The Coming of Arthur*:—

'Drew all their petty princedom into one.'

56. **by and by**, i.e., 'after a time,' a familiar expression.

58. **scoff** is probably in origin the same as 'shove,' which in Anglo-Saxon is *scofan* (Germ. *schieben*); hence metaphorically of a rub or push given by mocking words (*Skeat, Etym. Dict.*): 'jeer' is originally the same as 'shear,' from the Dutch expression *den gek scheeren*, 'to shear the fool,' hence 'to jeer at one' (*Skeat, Etym. Dict.*).

60. in mere uxoriousness: 'uxoriousness,' from the Latin *uxorius*, is 'excessive fondness for a wife': 'mere' is properly 'unmixed,' 'pure,' used in Latin originally of wine. The metaphor seems to be of the hard metal of his valour molten down in the fire of his uxoriousness; but it may be that 'molten down in mere uxoriousness' has here the same meaning as 'melted into mere effeminacy' in l. 107. Notice that 'molten' and 'melted' are both used by Tennyson as the past participle of the verb 'to melt'; so we have 'clomb' as well as 'climbed' for the past tense of 'climb,' and 'wrought' as well as 'worked' for the past participle of 'work.'

62. **attired**, from old French *atirier*, derived from *tire*, 'row,' 'file': hence it means properly 'to arrange' (*Skeat, Etym. Dict.*).

64. **they sadden'd her the more**. The women thought to please by flattering her vanity, but they saddened her the more because they all the more brought home to her that she was the cause. In the Welsh story, *Erbin*, the father of *Geraint*, speaks to *Enid* and asks if she has induced him to act thus, and she replies, 'Not I, by my confession to Heaven, there is nothing more hateful to me than this' (*Mabinogion*, p. 162).

69. on a summer morn. This and the next are the idylls of early summer (cp. note on l. 145), as *Gareth and Lynette* of spring; *Lancelot and Elaine* and *The Holy Grail* have indications of later summer; *The Last Tournament* and *Guinevere* are of autumn; and *The Passing of Arthur* belongs to winter,



to the last days of the dying year. Thus the whole poem seems to pass through the seasons of a year, which are in harmony with the course of its development, although the narrative of the Idylls really embraces a period of many years. With this passage, ll. 69-133, compare the corresponding passages of the original story quoted in the Introduction.

70. **They sleeping each by either**, a very usual form of parenthesis in Tennyson; cp. l. 147, 'he sitting high in hall.' For the combination 'each by either' cp. *Coming of Arthur*, l. 130, 'For each had warded either in the fight.'

71. **casement** is properly the 'frame' of the window, from old French *encaisser*, derived from *caisse*, 'box.' The word is originally 'encasement.'

**blindless**; a 'blind' is that which prevents light from entering freely through a window, and hence the name.

74. **And bared the knotted column** etc. Observe in these lines the succession of metaphor, description, and simile: the first in the comparison 'implied but not fully stated' of his throat to a column of rude strength, the second in l. 75, 'The massive square of his heroic breast,' and the third in the comparison of the muscles of the arm to the smooth sloping of water over a stone.

77. **As slopes** etc. This simile, which admirably gives the idea of undulating smoothness, strength, and flexibility, resembles that in Theocritus *Id.* 22, 48:—

ἐν δὲ μύες στερεοῖσι βραχίουσιν ἄκρον ὑπ' ὤμων  
ἕστασαν, ἥτε πέτροι ὀλοῖτροχοι οὐς τε κυλινδῶν  
χειμάρρους ποταμὸς μεγάλαις περιέξεσε δίναις.

('And the muscles in his strong arms, beneath his shoulder, stood like rounded stones which the torrent stream has rolled and boiled around in the mighty eddies.') But Tennyson has given more life to the simile by comparing the muscles not to the worn and rounded stones but to the water running vehemently over the stones.

82. **past**: see note on l. 45.

85. **to her own heart**, cp. l. 618 and note.

86. **O noble breast** etc. Cp. Virgil, *Aen.* 4, 11:—

'quam forti pectore et armis,'

where Conington is perhaps right in taking *armis* to mean 'shoulders,' in support of which interpretation he quotes this line as a parallel; but the combination here of breast and arms is derived from the Welsh story.

**all-puissant**, 'all-powerful': 'puissant' is made three syllables, as 'puissance' in *The Princess*, l. 36:—

'And of her brethren, youths of puissance,'  
and also sometimes in Shakspeare, as *K. John*, 3, 1, 339:—

'Cousin, go draw our puissance together.'

Cp. 2 *Henry IV.* 1, 3, 77.

89. **I am the cause.** She rejects the idea that she is the cause in the sense in which popular rumour attributes the blame to her, that is, that she has indulged her vanity at the expense of his reputation; and yet she cannot acquit herself of responsibility, because she has not the courage to tell him what she thinks and what men say. She wanted not courage afterwards to disobey her husband for his good, and to warn him of enemies lying in wait for him, but this matter of warning him against the danger to his reputation, which she saw and he did not, came perilously near to a doubt of his honour, or at least of his sensibility to that which touched his honour, and she could not bring herself to seem to have any such doubts.

91. **And yet**, that is, notwithstanding that I dare not speak.

92. **his name**, i.e. 'his honour,' as in l. 53.

93. **Far liefer had I gird** etc., i.e. 'I should hold it far dearer to gird' etc. So in *Gareth and Lynette*, 'Far liefer had I fight a score of times': 'lief,' from the same stem as 'love,' means 'beloved.' In the *Passing of Arthur*, Arthur says to Bedivere,—

'quickly go again,

As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing  
I bade thee.'

The expression 'I had as lief' do so and so (or 'I had liefer') is common in the provincial English of the Midland counties. Tennyson uses the expression also with a past participle, e.g. *Voyage of Maeldune*,—

'Each of them liefer had died,'

in which case 'liefer' would be an adverb, 'Each of them would have died rather' (Germ. *lieber*), and so in l. 629 of this idyll.

**harness**, 'armour,' Old French 'harnois,' Breton *harnes* meaning 'implements of iron,' derived from Bret. *houarn*, iron: cp. Welsh *haiarn* (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

97. 'Far better would it be if I were' etc.

102. **Am I so bold.** That is, 'Can it be that I have the courage to ride with my lord to battle, and see him wounded or slain before my eyes, and yet have not the courage now to tell him what I think and what men say?' This relation of clauses, in which the former is really concessive, 'though I am so bold' etc., is more usual in Greek than in English.

106. **slur** means properly 'soil,' hence of finding fault.

108. **no true wife**. In the original romances she speaks of the popular reports without using any expression which lends itself to misunderstanding, like this: but Tennyson has felt the need of making the misunderstanding more intelligible, and so puts into her mouth words which seem to Geraint a downright confession of guilt: cp. *Geraint and Enid*, 741.

112. **by great mischance**: the expression 'par mescheance' occurs in *Erec et Enide* in this passage, but perhaps it is only a coincidence.

116. **For all my pains**, i.e., 'in spite of all my pains,' properly 'in return for all my pains.' Observe the pathetic repetition.

**poor man**, 'poor man that I am'; cp. *Holy Grail*, 559:— 'Rejoice, small man, in this small world of mine.'

122. **in the sweet face of her** etc., i.e. 'in the presence of her,' from the thought that he is not most loved by her, as she by him.

124. Observe how the word 'hurl'd' in this connection gives the idea of vehement action and also of massive weight in the limbs.

125. **his drowsy squire**: the squire would sleep just outside the door of the knight's chamber, or at times in the chamber itself.

126. **palfrey**, French *palefroi*, Low Latin *paraverēdus*, *parafrēdus*, 'extra post-horse' for a carriage: hence a horse for riding, especially for a lady, i.e. not a war-horse. The German *Pferd* is from *parafredus* (Brachet, *Etym. French Dict.*).

128. **my spurs are yet to win**. The expression 'to win one's spurs' refers of course originally to gaining the honour of knighthood, of which the spurs were a symbol, hence 'to gain renown': 'are yet to win' means 'have still to be won,' i.e. 'have not yet been won'; 'to win' being a gerundial expression such as we have in the sentences 'there is yet much to do,' 'this plant is not good to eat' and so on.

129 **some**, i.e. Enid's possible lovers.

134. **Then she bethought her** etc. This way of introducing the story of her marriage is a skilful invention of the poet, who has preferred to begin at the point where the connection is brought out most clearly between this idyll and the main subject of the *Idylls of the King*, and then to work backwards as well as forwards. Besides that, there is something touching in her reverence for the faded silk and her recurrence to it now.

**faded silk**: that is, the dress which she was wearing when first seen, cp. l. 366: the mantle (and veil) were added afterwards for the journey, l. 824.

136. *cedarn*, 'made of cedar,' as 'wooden,' 'golden,' 'silvern,' 'oaken,' etc.

138. *sprigs of summer*, such as lavender for example, to preserve and perfume them.

145. *Whitsuntide*. This was the greatest feast of the year at Arthur's Court, being the occasion on which Arthur was proclaimed king, see *Morte Darthur*, 1, 5. On this feast the full number of the knights was annually made up (*Morte Darthur*, 7, 1). The time indicated here is nearly a year before the events just related. We have been told that it was summer when they took place, and early in the summer ('the new sun' beat upon Geraint as he slept). It must be therefore in the latter end of May, just before the coming round of Whitsuntide again, that the story, as told by the poet, has its opening, and we are now taken back to the events of nearly a year before that time, 'last year's Whitsuntide,' l. 840. In the Welsh story several years' interval elapse between Geraint's marriage and his departure from Arthur's court.

146. *Caerleon upon Usk*. This ancient town is in Monmouthshire on the river Usk about two miles above Newport. It was called by the Romans *Isca Silurum*, but came also to be known as *Castra Legionis*, because it was the station of the Second Legion, and hence comes the Welsh name Caerleon. The name Caerleon upon Usk distinguishes it from Chester which was Caerleon on Dee; Leicester also is called from *Legionis Castra*. By later Latin writers Caerleon is translated into *Urbs Legionum*, and its bishop is called 'bishop of Legions.' In romance it is one of the principal residences of Arthur, and the Roman amphitheatre there is called Arthur's Round Table (*Mabinogion*, p. 33). In Arthurian romance it has gilded parapets and a very high tower (see l. 827 of this idyll). In *Lancelot and Elaine*, 297, there is mention of the battle fought near Caerleon against the Saxons:—

'When the strong neighing of the wild white Horse  
Set every gilded parapet shuddering';

and in *Pelleas and Ettarre*, 157, when a tournament is held,

'Down in the flat field by the shore of Usk,'

we are told that,—

'the gilded parapets were crowned  
With faces, and the great tower filled with eyes  
Up to the summit.'

148. *a forester of Dean*. The Forest of Dean is between the lower course of the Wye and that of the Severn. The population are mostly miners, and from very ancient times it has produced iron, coal, and timber for shipbuilding. The Spanish Armada

had commission to cut down the oaks of the Forest of Dean, that the English naval power might be crippled for want of building material. In this story the forest is conceived as extending nearly as far as the Usk. The same name is found in various forms applied to other forest districts, e.g., Ardennes in France, Arden in Warwickshire, Dean in the New Forest, etc.

152, 153. **to let blow His horns.** This is a form of expression common in the English of Malory, e.g. 'I will let cry a tournament,' 'Then the king let purvey for a great feast,' etc. It means 'to cause his horns to be blown': cp. the use of the German *lassen*.

155. **easily, 'readily,'** making no difficulty about granting it.

158. **dreaming of her love** etc. This touch is not in the original story; its introduction is meant to remind us again of the moral taint in the Court of Arthur which had already begun to produce its effect, though as yet none perceived it.

160. **a single maiden with her.** These words belong in sense to what follows. The reason given in the Welsh story for her want of larger attendance is that they found but two horses left in the stables.

162. **knoll**, a word of Celtic origin, Welsh *cnol*, 'hillock': cp. Germ. *knollen*, 'clod,' 'lump.'

163. **but heard instead** etc. The Welsh story of Geraint has it thus: 'And as they rode thus, they heard a loud and rushing sound; and they looked behind them, and beheld a knight upon a hunter foal of mighty size; and the rider was a fair-haired youth, bare-legged and of princely mien, and a golden-hilted sword was at his side, and a robe and a surcoat of satin were upon him, and two low shoes of leather upon his feet; and around him was a scarf of blue purple, at each corner of which was a golden apple. And his horse stepped stately, and swift, and proud, and he overtook Gwenhwyvar and saluted her.'

The personages of the *Mabinogion* are generally very finely dressed, often in yellow or red satin, and apples of gold are not unusual appendages to their scarves and other trappings. For example, when Killhwch rode to Arthur's Court his horse had about him 'a four-cornered cloth of purple, and an apple of gold was at each corner.'—*Mabinogion*, p. 219.

166. **brand** is the Old English poetical word for 'sword,' properly (as in 'fire-brand') 'a burning piece of wood,' from the same stem as 'burn.' The word was applied to a sword-blade because of its brightness: cp. Icelandic *brandr*, and Old French *brant*, which is of German origin.

**golden-hilted.** The hilt of a sword is not, properly speaking, the handle, but that in which the blade is set. The word is not connected in derivation with 'hold.'

167. **flashing**, like the dragon-fly to which he is compared: cp. *The Two Voices*, 15, 'A living flash of light he flew.'

172. **glancing like a dragon-fly**. The sheen of the silks and the glitter of the gold are like the metallic lustre of the dragon-fly's coat of mail, as it glances over the water.

183. **break covert**, a term used of hounds coming out of the cover of the wood in pursuit of the game which they have roused.

185. **Cavall** is several times mentioned in Welsh stories as Arthur's best hound, and Carn Cavall is the name of a mountain in Wales, where according to tradition there existed a stone with a footprint of this dog impressed in it. He is mentioned in the tale of *Kilhwch and Olwen* (*Mabinogion*, p. 251).

186. **of deepest mouth**: so in Shakespeare, 'matched in mouth like bells' (*Mids. Night's Dream*, 4, 1, 120).

187. It need hardly be said that in romance a dwarf is a very usual attendant on a lady or a knight. In the tale of Beaumains (*Morte Darthur*, Book 7) Gareth is accompanied by a dwarf, and in *Ly beaus Disconus* the lady who comes to ask for assistance of Arthur has one, who is called a 'dwerk.' (This, or rather *dwergh*, is the original form of the word, cp. the German *zwerg*.) Sir Tor had a dwarf, who had transferred his service to him from certain other knights who proved themselves recreant (*Morte Darthur*, 3, 9): Queen Morgan le Fay sent a dwarf 'with a great mouth and a flat nose' to convey a message to Sir Accolon (*Morte Darthur*, 4, 8), and so on throughout.

188. **lagg'd** is from the Welsh *llag*, 'sluggish' (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

189. **vizor**, from French *visiere*, 'the cover for the face' in the helmet (Old French *vis*, 'face').

191. **not mindful of etc.**, 'not remembering to have seen his face in the King's hall.'

195. **doubling etc.**: 'having double as much pride as his master,' as it is the way of servants to imitate their masters' faults and to exaggerate them.

196. **Made answer sharply etc.** In the Welsh story the incidents are told as follows: 'And the maiden enquired of the dwarf who the knight was. I will not tell thee, he answered. Since thou art so churlish as not to tell me, said she, I will ask him myself. Thou shalt not ask him, by my faith, said he. Wherefore? said she. Because thou art not of honour sufficient to befit thee to speak to my lord. Then the maiden turned her horse's head towards the knight, upon which the dwarf struck her with the whip that was in his hand across the face and the eyes, until the blood flowed forth. And the maiden, through the

hurt she received from the blow, returned to Gwenhwyvar, complaining of the pain. Very rudely has the dwarf treated thee, said Geraint. I will go myself to know who the knight is. Go, said Gwenhwyvar. And Geraint went up to the dwarf. Who is yonder knight? said Geraint. I will not tell thee, said the dwarf. Then will I ask him himself, said he. Thou wilt not, by my faith, said the dwarf, thou art not honourable enough to speak with my lord. Said Geraint, I have spoken with men of equal rank with him. And he turned his horse's head towards the knight; but the dwarf overtook him, and struck him as he had done the maiden, so that the blood coloured the scarf that Geraint wore. Then Geraint put his hand upon the hilt of his sword, but he took counsel with himself, and considered that it would be no vengeance for him to slay the dwarf, and to be attacked unarmed by the armed knight, so he returned to where Gwenhwyvar was' (*Mabinogion*, p. 145).

It is worth while to notice how Tennyson has here dealt with his original, which he follows closely but with several suggestive variations. The line 'Thou art not worthy ev'n to speak of him' suggests a higher degree of pride than the corresponding answer in the original, and makes his position quite unreasonable, but at the same time the outrage to the maiden is reduced to a mere threatening of violence, 'struck at her with his whip,' and she returns 'indignant,' whereas in the original she is struck with the whip across the face, so that blood flows, and returns complaining of the pain. This treatment of a lady seemed to the poet unnecessarily shocking, and he has modified it accordingly. Finally, the motive assigned for Geraint's self-restraint, though a perfectly natural one and not dishonourable (for no knight thought it dishonourable to decline a combat when unarmed against one armed), cannot be said to be heroic, and Tennyson has with fine instinct changed it into one which suggests 'pure nobility of temperament.'

208. **The Prince's blood spirted** etc. The rather abrupt stop at the end of the preceding line, and the uneven rhythm of this, seem to suggest a moment's pause after the blow, and then a sudden spirt of blood.

209. **instinctive**, 'moving as by instinct,' not with deliberate purpose.

210. **abolish**. The Latin *abolere*, from which this word comes (through the French *abolir*), means simply 'to destroy.'

211. **But he**. The emphasis on 'he' seems to suggest the contrast between the instinctive mechanism by which his hand moved, and the man himself, who was governed by his manfulness and nobility of temperament.

213. **Wroth to be wroth**. He is angry with himself for feeling even that first impulse to strike so wretched a creature. 'Wroth

to be wroth' is a Tennysonian 'turn of phrase like 'the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn.' The word 'wroth' is originally from 'writhe,' meaning 'turn,' 'twist'; hence metaphorically of one who is moved by passion.

217. **this vermin**: the word is here used collectively, as we see from the expression 'their earths.' 'Vermin' means properly 'creeping thing,' from the stem of the Latin *vermis*, 'worm': hence used of small noxious creatures, foxes, rats, weasels, parasitic insects etc.: its collective meaning is the more usual.

**earth** is the word used for the hole made by a fox or a badger, and we speak of running it 'to earth' when we pursue it till it takes refuge in its hole.

220. **for pledge**, *i.e.* lent on the security of something left.  
**being found**, *i.e.* 'arms being found.'

221. **break his pride**: this expression is afterwards recalled by repetition in various forms, ll. 416, 424, 578, 589.\*

223. **So that I be not**: a common form of condition in Tennyson, *e.g.* in *Gareth and Lynette*, 131:—

'So that ye yield me ... your full leave to go,'  
and in this idyll, l. 304:—

'So that ye do not serve me sparrow-hawks  
For supper.'

229. **were she the daughter of a king** [etc. That is, 'Even though she were a king's daughter I would clothe her more richly than she was wont to go, yea, though she were a beggar, I would not disdain to receive and honour her.' The thought is twofold: first of the magnificence of the imagined bridal dress, such as would befit even the daughter of a king, and then of the possibility that Geraint might be deterred from wedding her whom first he loved, from fear that a maiden of low station might not be acceptable to the stately queen.

231. **bridals**: the word 'bridal,' (which is properly 'brid-ale,' *i.e.* wedding-feast) is used both in singular and plural for a wedding ceremony: so in older English we occasionally have 'funerals' for funeral, as Shaksp. *Titus Andron.* 1, 1, 381:—

'wise Laertes' son  
Did graciously plead for his funerals':

Shakspeare has commonly 'nuptial,' but also nuptials, and we use 'spousal' and 'spousals' indifferently. The use of the plural is natural enough, as in the Latin *nuptiae*, *sponsalia*, *funebria*, meaning rites of marriage, etc., and we find it in other modern languages, as French and Italian.



232. **now**, answered by 'now' in the next line, 'at one time ... at another.'

233. **at bay** is the English equivalent of the French *aux abois*, 'at the baying' of the dogs, that is, when the stag has ceased to run, and turns against the pursuing hounds who bay round him. Sometimes we have 'at a bay' (for 'abay'), e.g. Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, 5, 2, 56 :—

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.'

235. **vile occasion**, because the quarrel arose from a contemptible creature.

236. **glade** is properly an 'open space in a wood,' connected originally with words meaning 'bright,' e.g. German *glatt*, English 'glad' (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

238. **the world of wood**, that is, the vast extent of forest through which their road lay.

239 'And they went along a fair and even and lofty ridge of ground, until they came to a town.'—*Mabinogion*, p. 146. The town in the Welsh story is said to be Cardiff. Observe, as an example of Tennyson's manner of repeating the same form of phrase, how the sequence of simple events is marked here by the succession of three lines beginning with 'And': cp. *Geraint and Enid*, 583 ff. and 600 ff.

240. **and sank**, i.e. disappeared from view by descending on the opposite side.

244. **white from** etc., i.e. 'newly built,' the stone not having yet had its whiteness toned down by the weather.

246. **ravine** comes through French from the Latin *rapina*, 'a carrying away,' hence it means in French a 'violent torrent,' and so the deep bed dug out by such a torrent (Brachet, *Etym. French Dict.*).

249. **Brawling**. The position of this word, followed by a pause, has the effect of attracting attention to it.

**the rooks**: the article seems to imply that they are regarded as familiar appendages to human habitations.

253. **his earth**, carrying on the metaphor of l. 217.

255. **hostel**, the Old French *hostel*, Low Latin *hospitale*, Modern French *hôtel*.

256. **hammer laid to hoof**, i.e. shoeing of horses. With this passage cp. Scott, *Marmion*, 5, 6.

**hot hiss**, because he is hotly at work: so 'bustling whistle' in the next line.

260. **sparrow-hawk**, in the French, *espervier*: the sparrow-hawk was used in falconry, but was reckoned among the ignoble

birds of prey, like the goshawk, having shorter wings and less power of flight than the more esteemed kinds.

261. **churl** originally means 'man,' cp. 'carl.

262. **dusty sloping beam.** The rays of the sun were sloping because it was near evening, and the air above the man was dusty from the dust about the sack, like the air about the door of the mill in the *Miller's Daughter*, 104,—'Made misty' with the floating meal.' Or, perhaps 'dusty' is only a general epithet for the 'sloping beam' of the sun, because it shows motes and dust in the air more clearly than the vertical rays.

264. **hubbub**, or 'whoobub' (so in Shaksp. *Winter's Tale*, 4, 4, 628, 'had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son'), is from 'hoop-hoop,' a reduplication of 'hoop' (i.e. 'whoop'). (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*)

273. **flash'd into sudden spleen.** The word 'flash'd' implies startling suddenness: it is one of those picturesque words which the poet is fond of using in various ways; cp. l. 167. The metaphorical application of it to sudden emotion occurs several times; e.g. in *Lancelot and Elaine*, 355 and 944, 'Suddenly flash'd on her a wild desire,' and 'love's first flash in youth'; in *In Memoriam*, 122, 15, 'As in the former flash of joy'; and in *Maud*, 1, 4, 16, 'the fire of a foolish pride flash'd over her beautiful face.'

**spleen** means 'anger,' because the spleen was supposed by ancient physicians to be the seat of ill-temper, as the heart or the liver of courage. Hence 'splenetic' means 'ill-humoured,' and we have 'spleenful' in l. 293 in the same sense.

274. 'Pip' is a disease of birds, especially poultry and pheasants, described as a kind of influenza.

275. **Tits, wrens** etc., stand for all the smallest and weakest kinds of birds.

276. **bourg**, 'town,' the same word as 'borough,' meaning properly 'fort,' from the stem of Germ. *bergen*, 'to cover'; cp. the note on l. 281.

279. **who pipe of nothing** etc. The sparrow-hawk makes a prey of small birds in the hedges, hedge sparrows and the like, (whence its name), and such birds would naturally be interested in its doings. The word 'pipe' is used of the note of a bird, as in *In Mem.* 91, 2,—'And rarely pipes the mounted thrush.'

281. **harbourage**, 'lodging,' from 'harbour.' The word 'harbour' means originally 'army-shelter'; cp. Old High German *hereberga*, 'a camp' (*heri* or *heer* and *bergen*). It comes into English from Swedish or Norwegian.

282. The repetition of the word 'arms' and the hurried

rhythm of the line, ending with an emphatic monosyllable following a pause, express the impetuosity of his demand.

287. **tourney**, from Old French *tornei*, derived from *torner* or *tornoier*, because of the turning and returning to the encounter.

288. **scantly**, 'hardly.'

290. **good truth**, like 'good lack,' 'good earnest,' 'good faith,' in all which expressions 'good' is little more than an emphasizing addition. Cp. *Gareth and Lynette*, 105.

**save**, 'except.'

295. **musng**, French *muser*, from Old French *muse*, 'mouth' or 'muzzle,' Low Latin *musus*. 'The image is that of a dog scenting the air when in doubt as to the scent' (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*). (It must be observed however that this etymology is not universally accepted.) Hence the word in English comes to mean 'meditate.'

296. These explanatory or descriptive parentheses, thrown in without interrupting the structure of the main sentence, are characteristic of Tennyson: so in *Enoch Arden*, 64:—

'Philip stay'd

(His father lying sick and needing him)

An hour behind.'

271:— 'Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace  
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her)  
Smote him.'

In *Gareth and Lynette*, 725:—

'To whom Sir Gareth drew

(And there were none but few goodlier than he)

Shining in arms.'

In *Lancelot and Elaine*, 88:—

'and a heart

Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen

(However much he yearn'd to make complete

The tale of diamonds for his destined boon)

Urged him to speak' etc.

And very often elsewhere.

**fray'd** means properly 'worn by rubbing,' from Latin *fricare*, through Old French *frayer*, 'to grate' (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*). In the Welsh story, 'he saw sitting upon the bridge a hoary-headed man, upon whom were tattered garments.' Tennyson has shrunk from introducing Earl Yniol in rags, and his clothes are such as have once been magnificent, but now are worn.

302. **ever open-door'd**. He says afterwards that his means had been somewhat broken into 'Thro' open doors and hospitality,' l. 456.

304. **So that ye do not**, i.e. 'on condition that ye do not': cp. note on l. 223.

306. **passion**, 'eagerness.'

309. **hedgerow thief**, because he preys on small birds in the hedges.

310. **save**, 'unless': cp. *Coming of Arthur*, 84:—

'for saving I be join'd  
To her that is the fairest under heaven,  
I seem as nothing' etc.

And *Gareth and Lynette*, 107:—

'That save he won the first by force, he needs  
Must wed the other.'

In all these cases it is used, as here, with verb in subjunctive.

313. **His charger trampling** etc. For the construction of the sentence cp. l. 70. Observe the picturesqueness of this whole description.

315. **ruinous**, 'in ruins'; cp. *Holy Grail*, 429, 'Far thro' a ruinous city': so we have in Shakspeare, 'a ruinous monastery,' and (of a house) 'growing ruinous'; but in Modern English the word means rather 'causing ruin.'

316. **plumed with fern**. So in *Ænone*, 205:—

'My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge  
High over the blue gorge.'

And in *The Princess*, 4, 5:—

'By every coppice-feather'd chasm and cleft.'

In each case the metaphor is applied to a fringe of light foliage, but in the case of ferns it is especially appropriate.

319. **wilding**, a variation for 'wild,' properly a diminutive.

324. **suck'd the joining** etc. Ivy clings to the crevices of a building with the root-fibres or suckers which it puts out from its shoots. Because of these its branches are spoken of as 'hairy-fibred arms' in the line above. In what follows the bare stems intertwined are compared to a knot of snakes, while above the foliage forms a grove of verdure.

326 ff. Compare with this passage the lines in *The Holy Grail*, 829 ff.:—

'But always in the quiet house I heard,  
Clear as a lark, high o'er me as a lark,  
A sweet voice singing in the topmost tower  
To the eastward.'

329. **and as the sweet voice** etc. Observe the difference of the two successive similes and the peculiar aptness of each. At first Geraint is moved to wonder and conjecture, as one who lands in a

strange island and hears the song of a bird, delicate and sweet, but to him unfamiliar, wonders and conjectures what kind of a bird it may be. Then this state of mind passes rapidly into another of resolved conclusion, 'Here by God's grace is the one voice for me,' as a man in his own land, hearing 'the liquid note beloved of men' from a budding coppice in April, might stop his talk or his work to say, 'There is the nightingale'; the voice being one which he knows well and has been before expecting: he only knew not precisely when or where he should hear it first.

330. The word 'lander' is coined no doubt for the purpose here, and retains its verbal meaning, 'the lander in a lonely isle' being the same as 'him who lands' etc.

336. **the liquid note**: 'liquid,' because clear and flowing. 'The liquid note' is set for the bird to which it belongs, because the note is the most marked characteristic of the homely-feathered bird.

339. **coppice**, from Low Latin *copecja*, 'brushwood,' Old French, *copeiz*, connected with *coper* (*couper*), 'to cut.'

**gemm'd with green and red**. The metaphor expanded means with fresh green leaves and red unopened buds like emeralds and rubies': so in *Maud*, 1, 4, 1:—

'A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime.'

Observe that the Latin *gemma*, which originally means 'bud' (especially of the vine, as still in Italian) and metaphorically 'jewel,' becomes in English 'gem,' which means 'jewel,' and is here used metaphorically of buds.

345. **the song that Enid sang**. Compare with this song the song which Elaine made and sang,—'Sweet is true love.' The two songs are cast in the same external form, but they afford a complete contrast, which well illustrates the difference between Enid and Elaine, the one full of cheerful calm, the other of passion.

347. **Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel**. Compare Dante, *Inf.* 15, 95:—

'Però giri Fortuna la sua ruota,  
Come le piace.'

The idea of the turning of a wheel as a similitude to express the changes from low to high and from high again to low of human fortunes is a very ancient and natural one. It is found, for example, fully developed in Greek art and literature.

351. **we go not up or down**: not that we are exempt from the external influence of Fortune, but in our true selves we are independent of any changes which Fortune may bring. We preserve the same temper through all,

'For man is man and master of his fate.'

It is the Stoic philosophy expressed in a poetical form. The wise man only is free, because he alone uses his own will, alone rich and happy, because goods of the soul are the most valuable, and for the rest, true wealth consists in being independent of wants. The things which men ordinarily value are indifferent, neither to be desired nor avoided :—

‘Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.’

352. **hoard**, i.e. store of worldly goods: the original meaning of the word is said to be ‘a thing housed,’ the Gothic form being *huzd* (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

356. **the staring crowd**: because the mass of people gaze in fixed admiration at the changes which fortune brings about, regarding them as the one important thing in human life.

362. **dusky-rafter’d many-cobweb’d**. Observe Tennyson’s use of the double Homeric epithets: we have ‘many-tower’d Camelot,’ ‘many-fountain’d Ida,’ ‘heavy-fruited tree,’ and a multitude more: ‘dusky-rafter’d,’ because the smoke of the fire would no doubt be left to find its way out as it could through the roof: cp. the Homeric *μελαθρον αιθαλοέν*, *Il.* 2, 414.

363. **in dim brocade**. In the original she is ‘an old decrepit woman, sitting on a cushion, with old, tattered garments of satin upon her.’

**brocade** is from the Spanish *brocado*, meaning ‘embroidered,’ which must come from a verb *brocar* (not used), meaning ‘to stitch’: cp. French *brocher*, from Low Latin *brocca*, ‘point,’ whence comes the English ‘broach,’ ‘brooch’ etc. (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

364. **vermeil-white**, ‘white tinged with red.’ Enid is the blossom and her dress the faded flower-sheath, and she is like the blossom lightly breaking the sheath, when her grace and beauty become apparent to Geraint. The flower-sheath is that bract-leaf (or spathe) which encloses some kinds of flowers, and fades as it opens to disclose the blossom. The expression ‘vermeil-white,’ which has nothing corresponding to it in the Welsh story, may have been suggested by the lines of Chrestien de Troyes in this place:

‘Sor la blanchor par grant mervoille	<i>Sur blancheur</i>
D’une color fresche et vermoille,	
Que Nature li ot donee,	<i>lui eut donnée</i>
Estoit sa face anluminee.’	

*Erec et Enide*, 429-432.

368. **God’s rood**, ‘the cross of Christ’: ‘rood’ was originally the same as ‘rod,’ and meant ‘pole,’ hence used for ‘gallows’ or ‘cross.’ So in *Piers Plowman*, ‘that blisful barne that boughte us on the Rode,’ and, as here, in an oath, ‘And yet, quod resoun, by the Rode I shall no reuthe have’; and so in Shakspeare, e.g.

*Romeo and Juliet*, 1, 3, 36,—‘nay; by the rood, She could have run’: cp. *Merlin and Vivien*,—‘Yea, by God’s rood, I trusted you too much.’ The partition in English churches between the chancel and the nave is called the ‘rood-screen,’ because formerly a crucifix was placed over it.

374. A quotation from Enid’s song.

375. *fain*, ‘desirous,’ originally ‘glad’: cp. *Princess*, 6, 182:—

‘and yet how fain was I  
To dream thy cause embraced in mine.’

381. *utter*, ‘perfect,’ so in *Gareth and Lynette*, 541:—

‘my knights are sworn to vows  
Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,  
And loving, utter faithfulness in love,  
And uttermost obedience to the king.’

In this case anything less than perfect courtesy would have insisted on relieving Enid of the task, and so wounded the feelings of the host. In the original story it is not hinted that Geraint felt the impulse to prevent her: he accepted her services both to himself and his horse as perfectly natural.

385. *came again* etc. The Welsh story says, ‘And behold, the maiden came back, and a youth with her, bearing on his back a costrel full of good purchased mead, and a quarter of a young bullock. And in the hands of the maiden was a quantity of white bread, and she had some manchet bread in her veil.’

386. *costrel* means ‘bottle’ of earthenware or wood; in this case it contains the wine, as in the original the mead.

388. *to make them cheer*, ‘to make good cheer for them’: cp. note on *Geraint and Enid*, 283.

389. *manchet bread*. This was made of fine wheat flour passed through a boulting-cloth, and was served at the master’s table in the hall; ‘chete’ bread for the side tables was made of unsifted wheat flour, while for the servant’s board a brown bread was made of a mixture of wheat and rye meal. See note on Chaucer, *Prologue*, 147, in Morris’ edition.

393. Elaine also was ‘sweet and serviceable,’ but not so much in dutiful service to her father’s guest, as in wilful tendance of the knight who had worn her favour.

396. *the trencher* means the wooden plate on which things are cut, from Old French *trencher*. Enid has been handing it about to the company.

398. *made summer*, i.e. ‘produced warmth.’ For the parenthesis, see note on l. 296.

**399. rove.** This verb is said to be formed from the substantive 'rover,' meaning properly 'robber,' and more especially 'pirate,' from the stem of 'reave.' A 'rover' came to mean a person who voyaged hither and thither, and so 'rove' meant 'wander' (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

in following, that is, 'in following Enid.'

**408.** Observe the repetition here from l. 244, as below, in ll. 413, 416, 419 etc., we have echoes of phrases used before.

**409. I am Geraint** etc. The parenthesis is thrown in, lest his hearer should think the oath presumptuous.

**410. for this morning** continues the sentence before the parenthesis, giving the reason for the oath.

**412. under-shapen**, a kind of combination of 'under-sized' and 'misshapen.'

**414. and then I swore.** He omits the outrage done to himself, as unwilling to set any motive of personal vengeance beside the resolution to avenge the insult to the queen. There is no such delicacy in the Welsh story, where on the contrary the insult to himself is represented as the chief incentive to revenge.

**415. caitiff**, see note on l. 35.

hold, i.e. 'stronghold.'

**416. have it of him**, i.e. his name, force him to tell it.

**419. rustic murmur**, suggesting the sound of a babbling country brook, which they take to be that of the great wave of the universal ocean that rolls along the shores of the world,

'The voice of days of old and days to be.'

**430. somewhat**, i.e. 'something great': so in *St. Simeon Stylites*,

'They think that I am somewhat. What am I?'

**state** no doubt here means 'stature,' as in Shaksp. *Love's Labour's Lost*, 4, 3, 185:—

'When shall you hear that I  
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
A gait, a state, a brow,' etc.

The expression which we have here occurs also in *Lancelot and Elaine*, 181:—

'for by thy state  
And presence I might guess thee chief of those,  
After the King, who eat in Arthur's halls.'

**431. presence**, 'appearance,' used generally of a noble mien or bearing, cp. *In Mem.* 103, 27:—

'The maidens gather'd strength and grace  
And presence, lordlier than before.'



So in Shakspeare. *Comedy of Errors*, 3, 2, 166 :—

‘But her fair sister,  
Possessed with such a gentle sovereign grace,  
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,  
Hath almost made me traitor to myself.’

432. Camelot is the place where Arthur chiefly holds his court. Caxton in his preface to Malory's *Morte Darthur* speaks of it as if it were in Wales, probably confusing it with Caerleon, but Malory himself identifies it with Winchester. There was, however, a Camelot or Camalat in Somersetshire, represented now by the villages of East Camel and West Camel on the river Camel, which have the remains of an ancient town and fortress, and are said to be full of Arthurian traditions. It has been suggested that during the century which followed the capture of Sarum by the Saxons, Camelot became the capital of the South British Kingdoms, and that ‘its strategical position was connected in fact as well as in romance with the Isle of Avallon, the Monastery of Glastonbury and the Nunnery of Almesbury’ (Strachey, Introduction to his *Morte Darthur*, p. xvii.). The geography, however, of the Arthurian romances, which were developed for the most part abroad, is naturally very vague, and is not much elucidated by the endeavours of English translators, like Malory, to fix with precision the places mentioned. In Tennyson's *Idylls* Camelot is a mystic city, the locality of which the poet does not attempt to fix, though in *Lancelot and Elaine* he seems to imply that it lay in the same direction from London as Astolat, and that Astolat was near the Thames below London. The chief descriptions of it are those which we have in *Gareth and Lynette*, and those which Percivale gives to the monk Ambrosius in the *Holy Grail*. It was on a hill, the ‘Royal mount’ or ‘sacred mount’ of Camelot, ‘which rose between the forest and the field,’ having on one side the woods over which the king gazed when pacing on the level pavement in front of the hall, the same which in the *Last Tournament* were yellowing with autumn, and on the other the meadows in which the tourneys were held,—

‘the lists  
By Camelot in the meadow.’—*Lancelot and Elaine*.

The city was approached ‘over the long backs of the bushless downs,’ and it is called repeatedly the ‘dim, rich city’; it is

‘a city of shadowy palaces  
And stately, rich in enblem and the work  
Of ancient kings who did their days in stone.’

*Gareth and Lynette*, 296 ff.

‘The centre of it was the great hall which Merlin had built for Arthur,—

'For all the sacred mount of Camelot  
And all the dim rich city, roof by roof,  
Tower after tower, spire beyond spire,  
By grove, and garden-lawn, and rushing brook,  
Climbs to the mighty hall that Merlin built.'

*Holy Grail*, 227-231.

In describing the departure of the knights upon the quest, Percivale says—

'O brother, had you known our Camelot,  
Built by old kings, age after age, so old  
The King himself had fears that it would fall,  
So strange, and rich, and dim : for where the roofs  
Totter'd toward each other in the sky,  
Met foreheads all along the street of those  
Who watched us pass ; and lower, and where the long  
Rich galleries, lady-laden, weighed the necks  
Of dragons clinging to the crazy walls,  
Thicker than drops from thunder, showers of flowers  
Fell as we past ; and men and boys astride  
On wyvern, lion, dragon, griffin, swan,  
At all the corners, named us each by name' etc.

*Holy Grail*, 339-351.

434 ff. Enid was attracted by Geraint's deeds and adventures told by her father or himself, as Desdemona by those of Othello :—

'Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days etc.

. . . . .  
This to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline :  
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence :  
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
She 'ld come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse.'—Shaksp. *Othello*, 1, 3, 128 ff.

437. *grateful*, 'pleasant,' the original sense of the Latin *gratus* : so in Shaksp. *Taming of the Shrew*, 2, 1, 76 :—'Neighbour, this is a gitt very grateful.'

*noise*, 'rumour' : so in *Gareth and Lynette*, 429 :—

'With noise of ravage wrought by man or beast.

441. *brawls* are 'noisy quarrels,' from a Welsh word meaning 'loud boast.'

442. *be he dead*, 'whether he be dead.'

443. **the wild land** is that which Geraint had upon his marches, as we see afterwards.

446. **he**. This was meant for the subject of a verb, but the construction changes and it is left hanging. We have instead 'his pride awoke.'

447. **When I that knew** etc. Tennyson has very judiciously altered the story of the enmity between Earl Yniol and his nephew, in such a way as to transfer the reader's sympathies entirely to the side of the former. In the Welsh story the old Earl is the wrong-doer, and has reaped the just reward of his villany. 'And when they had finished eating, Geraint talked with the hoary-headed man, and he asked him in the first place, to whom belonged the palace that he was in. Truly, said he, it was I, that built it, and to me also belonged the city and the castle which thou sawest. Alas! said Geraint, how is it that thou hast lost them now? I lost a great Earldom as well as these, said he, and this is how I lost them. I had a nephew, the son of my brother, and I took his possessions to myself; and when he came to his strength, he demanded of me his property, but I withheld it from him. So he made war upon me, and wrested from me all that I possessed.'—*Mabinogion*, p. 147. Tennyson has converted this justly punished fraud into a calumny spread by the nephew for his own ends. It should be observed that in the original story this nephew, who has deprived Earl Yniol of his possessions, is a different person altogether from the Knight of the Sparrow-Hawk, who did the insult to the Queen. This last was a stranger, who came every year to the tournament held by the young earl, Yniol's nephew. In the French romance the father of Enid had not been dispossessed by force, but had become poor by fortune of sea and of war.

450. For the metaphor, cp. Livy, 24, 23 :—'apud infimae plebis homines crimina serebant in senatum optimatesque,' ('among the lowest of the common people they sowed charges against the senate and the nobles.')

454. **the more easily**, because his servants thought the promises of the nephew better than the service of their half-ruined master.

458. **sack'd**, 'plundered,' from the use of sacks in carrying away plunder.

459. **ousted**, 'ejected,' from Old French *oster* (Mod. *ôter*), 'to remove' (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

463. The reason why he did not slay him is given in *Geraint and Enid*, 836 ff.

472. **I seem to suffer nothing**. He is of the same philosophic temper as that expressed in Enid's song; see note on l. 351. His wife is hardly so philosophical, see ll. 705-731.

482. **Two forks**, i.e. forked or cleft sticks.

484. **a golden sparrow-hawk**. Falcons apparently were usual prizes for tournaments; for example, in the metrical romance of *Ly beaus Disconus* they tilt for a white jerralcon. In the Welsh story of Geraint, nothing is said to imply that the sparrow-hawk is not alive, and in the French it evidently is so; see *Erec et Enide*, 566 ff. :—

‘sor une perche d’arjant	<i>sur</i>
Uns espreviens mout biaux assis,	<i>très beau</i>
Ou de cinc mues ou de sis,	
Li miaudre qu’an porra savoir.’	<i>Le meilleur qu’on</i>

491. **toppling over**, like ‘I can topple over a hundred such,’ in *Gareth and Lynette*, 636.

495. **toward**: here pronounced as two syllables with accent on the first, so as to lay emphasis on ‘to.’ The adverb ‘toward,’ as when we say ‘there is a play toward,’ is regularly so pronounced.

496. **To lay lance in rest** is to lower the spear for the encounter, letting the heel of it rest in a kind of socket behind the saddle on the right hand side, so that the weight may be balanced. Here it means simply ‘to tilt.’

498. **Tho’ having seen** etc. For this form of parenthesis see note on l. 296. The characteristic point is that it occurs in the full flow of the sentence, which is continued afterwards as if there had been no interruption.

499. **anything so fair**: cp. *Geraint and Enid*, 614:—

‘I never yet beheld a thing so pale.’

502, 503. **So aid me Heaven ... As I will** etc. ‘If I make her not my wife, may heaven not aid me in my extremity,’ is practically the meaning. ‘So’ meaning ‘under this condition,’ without the answering clause introduced by ‘as,’ is common enough in expressions like ‘So help me God,’ ‘So may I prosper.’ We have the full expression in Shaksp. *Rich. III.* 2, 1, 16:—‘So prosper I, as I swear perfect love; 2 *Henry VI.* 1, 1, 205:—‘So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,’ and often elsewhere.

504. **howsoever patient**, that is, indifferent as he was to the vicissitudes of fortune.

505. **seeing better days**, i.e. in prospect.

507. **that old dame**: Enid’s mother, mentioned in l. 363 as ‘an ancient dame in dim brocade.’

508. **to whom full tenderly** etc. The Welsh story says nothing of any appeal to the mother or any thought of the daughter’s inclinations in the matter: ‘Gladly will I permit thee’ is the answer, and so the matter is concluded without more ado.

Tennyson's additions are, as usual, improvements, and there seems to be no ground for the criticisms of Mr. Collins, who finds here a regard for conventional propriety which is out of place in poetry. There is nothing unpoetical in the modern (but not exclusively English) idea that marriage should be accompanied by love on both sides, and that therefore a maiden's heart should be proved before she is quite given away to a wooer.

513. **prove**, i.e. try how it is disposed.

516. **disarray'd**. The verb 'array' comes from Old French *arraier*, derived from a Scandinavian word *reda* or *rede* meaning 'order,' and allied to the English 'ready,' which formerly was used for 'dressed,' as 'unready' for 'undressed'; 'array' therefore means properly 'set in order,' then 'dress': cp. 'raiment.' (Note that the word 'dress' originally meant 'set straight' from Latin *dirigere*.)

as to her rest, i.e. 'as if to go to rest.'

518. **shining shoulder**: compare the Homeric expression, *φάιδμος ὤμος*.

519. **kept her off**, held her at arm's length, (that she might see her face).

521, 522. **light and shade Coursed one another**. The image is of the rapid alternations of light and shade upon an open field or down when clouds are passing over the sun. The form of the simile recalls that in *Gareth and Lynette*, 526 :—

'Shame never made girl redder than Gareth joy.'

529. **rapt**, 'carried away.' Milton, *Paradise Lost*, 3, 522, has it in the literal sense :—

'Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds,'

but it is more often metaphorically applied to emotions, as here. The word is of English origin, from 'rap,' 'to snatch,' connected with 'rape,' which means originally 'haste'; but it has been supposed to come from the Latin *rapere*, so that the spelling 'rapt,' as if from *raptus* (instead of 'rapped'), is universal (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*). Tennyson would no doubt adopt this form of spelling in any case, as he does with 'past,' 'vext,' 'slipt' etc.

531. **ever fall'd to draw** etc. : cp. Virgil, *Aeneid*, 4, 529 :—

'neque unquam

Solvitur in somnos, oculisve aut pectore noctem

Accipit :'

('Nor ever does she sink into sleep, or take the night into her eyes or breast:') a passage which must have been in the poet's mind when he wrote this; but the thought of the stillness and darkness being drawn into the veins and so carrying sleep through the body is finer than the corresponding idea in Virgil.

**533. Contemplating.** Tennyson says 'contémplate' more usually than 'cōntemplate,' e.g. *In Memoriam*, 34, 1:—

'When I contemplate all alone,'  
but in the *Palace of Art* we have,—

'holding no form of creed  
But contemplating all.'

**535. To quicken**, i.e. 'to grow living,' the light in the east being to the watcher first a death-like pallor, and then a living glow, at the touch of the coming sun. Here the verb 'quicken' means 'come to life,' but in *Geraint and Enid*, 549:—'Your walling will not quicken him,' it means 'bring to life.'

**raised Her mother**, i.e. roused her and caused her to get up:

**537. Jousts**, from Old French *jouster*, derived from Low Latin *iuxtare*, 'to approach,' hence 'to encounter' in tilting (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

**539. twain**. Originally the difference between 'two' and 'twain' is one of gender, 'twain' (or rather *twegen*) being the masculine form. This distinction, however, was lost in very early times.

**543. The chair of Idris** is the well-known Welsh mountain called Cader Idris, consisting of an immense ridge of precipices about ten miles long. Idris is a legendary Welsh giant. The reference here is in keeping with the locality of the story.

**545. errant knights** are knights who wander about seeking for adventures or for opportunities of gaining glory. The 'knight errant' belongs to romance rather than to reality. For 'errant' in its literal sense of 'wandering,' see *Geraint and Enid*, 245.

**547. lists**, 'ground enclosed for a tournament,' from Old French *lissee* (Mod. *lice*) meaning 'list' or 'tiltyard,' Low Latin *liciae*, 'barriers,' probably allied to Latin *licium*, 'thread,' 'girdle' (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*). In English the word is usually plural, in French it is singular.

**549.** Notice the repetition from 483 f.

**559. a great fire at Yule**. The name Yule for Christmas is especially associated with the Yule log and the great wood fire upon the hearth which was made with it in former times. The derivation of the word 'Yule' is disputed, but it was originally a name applied to the Pagan sun-festival of the winter solstice, which like sun-festivals at other times of the year, e.g. mid-summer, was celebrated with great fires. Hence the appropriateness of the name when this particular way of celebrating Christmas is referred to: cp. *Holy Grail*, 612:—

'poor men, when yule is cold,  
Must be content to sit by little fires.'

560. **burnt**, i.e. 'consumed.'

563. **dishorsed**, a word which might mean either unhorsed or simply dismounted. In the Welsh story the Knight of the Sparrow-Hawk is unhorsed by Geraint, and Geraint dismounts and draws. 'Then the knight also arose, and drew his sword against Geraint. And they fought on foot with their swords, until their arms struck sparks of fire like stars from one another; and thus they continued fighting, until the blood and sweat obscured the light from their eyes.'—*Mabinogion*, p. 150.

565. **from distant walls** etc. Perhaps it is meant that the applause of the crowd was echoed back from the walls, and sounded like the clapping of phantom hands.

567. **breathed**, i.e. 'rested': cp. Shaksp. 1 *Henry IV.* 1, 3, 102:—

'Three times they breathed and three times did they drink,  
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood.'

568. **The dew of their great labour**, a fine expression for the perspiration which their efforts produced.

570. **either's force was match'd**, 'the strength of each was equalled by that of the other': 'either' for 'each' is common in Tennyson, as in *Gareth and Lynette*, 216:—

'And drops of water fell from either hand':

so 'each by either' in l. 70.

571. The original is, 'Oh, chieftain, remember the treatment which thou hadst from the dwarf; and wilt thou not seek vengeance for the insult to thyself, and for the insult to Gwenhwyvar the wife of Arthur!'

572. 'And Geraint was roused by what he said to him, and he called to him all his strength, and lifted up his sword, and struck the knight upon the crown of his head, so that he broke all his head-armour, and cut through all the flesh and the skin, even to the skull, until he wounded the bone.'—*Mabinogion*, p. 150.

573. **bit the bone**, 'cut into the bone,' a forcible expression.

577. Compare the account of his feelings given by himself in *Geraint and Enid*, 850 ff.

584. **abide**, 'abide by,' that is 'submit to.'

590. **Enid sees my fall**. Why this was so bitter to him we learn from *Geraint and Enid*, 827-852.

593. Cp. *Geraint and Enid*, 896 ff.

594. **drew himself Bright** etc. The metaphor seems to be from metal drawn bright by intense heat.

596. In the great battle, i.e. the last great battle in the West against the traitor Modred and those who held with him, described in the *Passing of Arthur*.

597 ff. Observe the delicate picturesqueness of this passage: the low light of the rising sun, the birds moving in the ivy outside the casement, with their shadows dancing upon the pillow of the bed, and Enid lying asleep in the dim-yellow light and among the moving shadows.

the third day, inclusive reckoning, the day but one after, see l. 690.

604. For the parenthesis, cp. l. 296.

607 f. The correspondence of form in two clauses like these is characteristic of the poet; see Introduction and note on l. 50. Other examples in this idyll have been ll. 98 f., 226 f., 289 f., 483 f.

613. to the dress, i.e. 'compared to the dress.' The dress of course is the same, but to her eyes it now looks more faded than before Geraint's coming, because of the contrast between her present poor surroundings and the bright new life which is opening before her, between the faded silk of her own dress and the splendid attire of her lover. The dress seemed faded before, but only as a leaf is faded in the first weeks of autumn, whereas now it is to her eyes as the dead and falling leaf of mid November.

618. to her own sweet heart: compare the Homeric phrase, *κραδίην ἡνίπαπε μύθῳ*, *Odys.* 20, 18.

623. beholden, 'bound (holden) to him in gratitude.'

624. It were but little grace, 'it would be ungracious,' that is, it would show but little gratitude for the benefits received.

629. Hefer, 'more willingly,' cp. note on l. 93.

630. fell in longing, for 'fell into longing.'

631. branch'd and flower'd etc., 'adorned with branches and flowers worked in gold: cp. Shaksp. *Twelfth Night*, 2, 5, 53, 'in my branched velvet gown.'

641. sold and sold, i.e. 'sold one after the other.'

648. golden carp, are the fish better known as 'gold-fish.'

649. blurr'd: 'to blur' means properly 'to dim,' and so Tennyson uses it in *Guinevere*, 4:—

'one low light betwixt them burn'd  
Blurr'd by the creeping mist.'

So 'blear-eyed' means 'dim-sighted,' from the same stem. Here 'blurr'd' means 'with its brightness dimmed' (by parasitic overgrowth).



650. **burnish'd**, 'polished,' Old French *burnir, bornir*, properly 'to make brown' (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

659. **trellis-work**, i.e. 'lattice-work,' French *treillis, treille*, Latin *trichila*, 'an arbour' (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

660. **plots** are properly 'small pieces of ground,' here flower-beds.

661. **a garnet or a turkis**. Crimson and blue are the colours: the beds are like jewels set in the green turf. So in *Geraint and Enid*, 198, a green meadow in the brown wild is compared to a gem in a setting.

The garnet or granat is called so from its supposed resemblance to the seeds of the pomegranate (*malum granatum*): the turkis or turquoise has its name from the country, Turkey, whence the stones were supposed to come. They are found in Persia. 'Turkis' is the Miltonic and much better spelling of the word.

663. **tissue** is woven material of any kind, but especially gold and silver brocade, and commonly in the phrase 'cloth of gold of tissue.' French *tisser*, 'to weave,' Latin *texere*.

665. **Glanced**, i.e. 'shone': they appeared, passing through or looking in, like flashes of brightness.

672. **mixen**, 'dunghill,' a provincial word commonly used in the midland counties of England.

674. With this waking compare that in *Geraint and Enid*, 381 ff., where the crowing of the cock seemed in her dream to be the summons of a dreadful trumpet.

682. **keeps the wear and polish of the wave**, that is, 'keeps after it has been removed from the sea the glancing colours which the wear of the waves has brought out.' Shells of which the rough outside has been worn off by the waves, might be said to have received their colours from them.

683. **I trow**, 'I believe,' connected with 'true.'

686. **divide**, i.e. 'distinguish.'

707. **howsoever patient**, 'though patient, yet unwillingly.' The phrase 'however patient' is repeated from l. 504, and there 'patient' means indifferent to changes of fortune, whether for the better or for the worse, and not simply enduring ill fortune easily.

708. **he took me**, i.e. at marriage.

710. **seneschal**, 'steward of the household.' The original sense is 'old servant,' from a supposed German *sins*, 'old,' and *scalh*, 'servant': borrowed by French from German, like many other titles of social rank. For the formation, cp. *maréchal*, from Old German *marah* 'horse,' and *scalh*, 'servant.'

712. **noble maintenance**, *i.e.* the keeping up of noble state.

714. **swerved** etc., turned aside, as it were, from the sunshine and entered the shadow, became dark instead of bright.

724. **ragged-robin**, a common English wild flower of the campion kind; its petals have a rather ragged appearance, and hence its popular name.

730. **like those of old** etc. The reference is to the *Book of Esther*, 2, 2-17, where it is related how after Vashti was deposed from being queen, King Ahasuerus ordered search to be made in all the provinces for fair young virgins, that he might choose a queen, and among them was brought to the palace the Jewess Esther, who 'obtained favour in the sight of all who looked upon her,' and pleased the king more than all the rest. She, like Enid in romance, was a stock example of the elevation of a maiden of low degree to be the bride of a king or prince.

734. **Then, as the white** etc. The simile has the picturesque beauty and curious aptness which are characteristic of the poet. The fair Enid, rising from her maiden couch and robing herself in the gold-embroidered gown, is compared to the white morning star rising from behind a snowy ridge and slipping into a cloud made golden by the coming sun.

742. **that maiden in the tale**. This tale is also in the *Mabinogion*. It is that of 'Math the son of Mathonwy,' and in it Math and Gwydion seek to form a wife for the youth Llew by charms and illusion. 'So they took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw. And they baptised her, and gave her the name of Blodeuwedd' (*Mabinogion*, p. 426).

743. **glamour**, 'magic': cp. *Gareth and Lynette*, 201 :—

'Who drave the heathen hence by sorcery  
And Merlin's glamour.'

744, 745. **the bride of Cassivelaun, Flur**. The legend referred to is evidently that which is given in the notes to the *Mabinogion*, p. 392, and to which reference is made to the *Triads*. Tennyson, however, has made some variation in the story; for the *Triads* relate that Flur, the daughter of Mygnach Gorr and betrothed to Caswallawn (Cassivelaun) had been carried away to Gaul by Mwrchan, a Gallic chief in alliance with Julius Caesar, to whom he intended to present her. Caswallawn led an army of sixty-one thousand men into Gaul against Caesar, and gaining a complete victory, recovered his bride.

746. **we beat him back**. The British legend of Caesar's invasions of Britain was that he was compelled to an ignominious flight: see Geoffrey of Monmouth, *Hist. Brit.* 4, 3.

761. **Albeit I give** etc. The temper of the man moves him to conceal for the present the reason which he has, that he may make trial of Enid's love and submission to his desires. This tendency to suspect and prove is the defect in his otherwise fine character : see note on l. 28.

**Albeit** is from *al* in the sense of 'even,' as in 'although,' for which word it is often used in older English not only with 'be' but with other verbs, as Chaucer, *Prologue*, 734 :—'Al speke he nevere so rudelyche and large.' Here the full meaning is, 'although it be that I give' etc.

764. **flaws** are 'blasts of wind.' Hamlet says of the dust of Caesar :—

'O that that earth that kept the world in awe  
Should patch a wall, to expel the winter's flaw.'

In Shakspeare the word is also used metaphorically of sudden gusts of emotion, as in *Macbeth*, 3, 4 :—

'these flaws and starts  
(Impostors to true fear) would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire.'

**laying lusty corn.** This use of 'lay' in the sense of 'beat down,' used of corn crops, is common enough : 'lusty' means first 'pleasant,' then 'vigorous,' as 'listless' meant originally 'without pleasure' and then 'without vigour' : cp. *Geraint and Enid*, 251, 258.

765. **she knew not why.** The feeling is partly no doubt due to the fact that she is by this act exchanging her mother's rule for that of another, and partly to the half-felt sense that more confidence might have been shown in her by her lover, the same sense which 'Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall' when Geraint looked keenly and suspiciously at her afterwards : cp. *Geraint and Enid*, 430.

768. **Her mother silent too** etc. : the construction as in l. 147, 'he sitting high in hall.'

769. **costly-broider'd** : Tennyson uses costly as an adverb : cp. *Audley Court*, 22, "a pasty costly-made," and *Geraint and Enid*, 231.

774. **As careful robins**, i.e. as robins watch the digger, to see if he turns up something which may serve for their food. This comparison is used again in the same words, *Geraint and Enid*, 431, and there also of a searching and suspicious look. It is one of those touches which show how close an observer the poet is of bird (as of other) life.

790. **service done so graciously**, i.e. the clothing of the bride for her bridal by the Queen, according to her promise. It should be noted as an ironical touch that the first exhibition of jealous

temper on the part of Geraint is justified on the ground of his desire that Enid and the Queen should be friends, 'how can Enid find A nobler friend?' while afterwards the principal ground of his jealousy is this very friendship which he had promoted.

791. *fain I would*, 'gladly should I desire that the two' etc., a rather redundant expression. Ordinarily when we say 'fain would I' it is with another verb, as 'fain would I speak,' in which case 'would' is simply a conditional auxiliary. Here however it stands alone as the conditional of the verb 'will,' meaning 'desire.'

797. *I doubted* etc. Here comes in the jealousy which is characteristic of him.

799. *weal*, 'welfare.'

800. *false*, because the duskiness of her present surroundings and his contrasting brightness are only external circumstances, of little real consequence.

801, 802. *overbore Her fancy* etc. He is afraid that she may have been overpowered for the moment by his outward brilliancy, as contrasted with the duskiness of the surroundings among which she dwelt, and so be induced to accept his offer less from love for him than from desire to move in the brilliant society from which he came: 'dwelling in this dusky hall' would refer probably to Enid herself rather than to her fancy, 'the fancy of her who dwelt.'

810. *Yet therefore tenfold dearer* etc. He means that the newness of it would make it attractive, and still more because not new to her altogether. By this very fact it would have greater attraction now, from the force of former usage intermitted.

812. *a rock*, i.e. no more moved by casual circumstances such as might in another person cause jealousy, than a rock by the ebb and flow of the tide.

813. *Now, therefore, I do rest*. He thought afterwards of this 'false doom,' see *Geraint and Enid*, 247.

818. *gaudy-day*, 'day of festival,' properly 'joyous day,' from Lat. *gaudium*. Some University and College festivals at Oxford are called 'gaudy days' or 'gaudies.'

826. Guinevere expected him, both because of his promise to return on the third day, l. 222, and because of the report brought by Edyrn of him and his bride.

827. *The giant tower*, see note on l. 146: the great tower at Caerleon is mentioned also in *Pelleas and Ettarre*, 159:—

'the gilded parapets were crowned  
With faces, and the great tower fill'd with eyes  
Up to the summit.'

In the time of Giraldus Cambrensis a large tower existed among the ruins of Caerleon.

828. **the goodly hills of Somerset** are the Mendip Hills, seen across the Bristol Channel.

829. **And white sails etc.** On this line Mr. Swinburne writes as follows:—‘On the first bright day I ever spent on the eastern coast of England I saw the truth of this touch, and recognized once more with admiring delight the subtle and sure fidelity of that happy and studious hand. There on the dull yellow, foamless floor of dense, discoloured sea, so thick with clotted sand that the water looked massive and solid as the shore, the white sails flashed whiter against it and along it as they fled, and I knew once more the truth of what I had never doubted—that the eye and the hand of Tennyson may always be trusted at once and alike to see and to express the truth.’

832. **By the flat meadow**, mentioned in *Pelleas and Ettarre* as the field where the jousts were held:—

‘Down in the flat field by the shore of Usk.’

838. **Dubric** is Dubritius archbishop of Legions (*i.e.* Caerleon), and primate of Britain. Dubric is mentioned in the *Coming of Arthur*, ll. 452 and 470, on the occasion of the marriage of Arthur and Guinevere, see also *Geraint and Enid*, l. 864. In all these passages he is called ‘Dubric the high saint.’ Geoffrey of Monmouth says of him:—‘This prelate who was primate of Britain, and legate of the apostolical see, was so eminent for his piety, that he could cure any sick person by prayer’ (*Hist. Brit.* 9, 12).

840. **the last year's Whitsuntide**, *i.e.* about a year before the events related at the beginning of the idyll, ll. 1-144, of which the narrative is now continued.

848, 849. **she found And took it.** The dress is associated in her mind not only with her husband's first coming and his love for her, but also with his former demand of obedience without reason given, which she sees now repeated.

## GERAINT AND ENID.

1. **O purblind race** etc. This reflection is rather in the manner of Spenser, who often begins his canto with a stanza in which the moral of the tale is pointed in the form of exclamation: *e.g.*—

‘Ay me, how many perils doe enfold  
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,  
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,’ etc.  
*Faery Queene*, 1, 8, 1;

or this:—

‘O! why doe wretched men so much desire  
To draw their daies unto the utmost date,  
And doe not rather wish them soon expire;  
Knowing the misery of their estate,’ etc., 4, 3, 1.

**purblind** originally means ‘wholly blind’ (‘pure-blind’), but it has come to mean ‘partly blind,’ much as ‘parboil’ meaning originally ‘boil thoroughly’ (Lat. *perbullire*) came to mean ‘partly boil’ by confusion with ‘part.’ Skeat *Etym. Dict.* (where however the change of sense is said to be probably due to confusion with the verb ‘pore’).

3. **Do forge**, *i.e.* ‘are forging’: ‘forge’ is from French *forge*, derived from the Latin *fabrica*, ‘a workshop.’

6. **Groping**, ‘feeling our way’: the word properly means ‘to seize,’ from the stem of ‘gripe,’ hence of taking hold of things to guide one in the darkness.

**how many**, *i.e.* ‘how many among us forge trouble for ourselves,’ referring to the foregoing words. For the pathetic repetition, cp. *Marriage of Geraint*, 116.

**pass**, for ‘pass away’ from this world; used in the *Idylls* especially of the mysterious end of Arthur, whose destiny it was to pass into another state of life, whence he would again come:—

‘Nay—God my Christ—I pass but shall not die.’  
*Passing of Arthur*, 28.

Here the word suggests the thought of death as a transition from this world to another.

7. **where we see as we are seen**: a reference to St. Paul’s *First Epistle to the Corinthians*, 13, 12:—‘Now we see in a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known,’ *i.e.* by God.

. 9. **when they both had got to horse** : this and the succeeding clauses belong to what follows, the verb 'said' in l. 13: 'get to horse' is the same as 'take horse, i.e. 'mount.'

11, 12. **that ... Which**, i.e. 'such ... as,' a Latinism : cp. l. 736.

**brooding**, properly of birds sitting upon eggs to hatch them, then metaphorically of things which hang over or round, and especially of clouds hanging heavily overhead, as in the *Palace of Art*, 75 :—'The ragged rims of thunder brooding low.'

12, 13. **break ... in thunder** : his anger is metaphorically compared to a thunder-storm ready to break, and his speech to the bursting of the tempest with lightning which may strike whatever is beneath. Therefore, lest the storm should break in thunder upon so dear a head, he will avoid occasion for speech, which if uttered cannot but be passionate. In the romances he bids Enid ride before, simply because he does not desire her company after what she has said of him, and he lays the injunction of silence upon her to test her obedience.

**perforce**, 'of necessity.'

16. **on thy duty** etc. : a form of appeal to her sense of duty, like 'on thy honour,' 'on thy faith as a Christian' etc., meaning 'as thou regardest thy duty, honour, faith' etc.

18. **aghast**, properly 'terrified,' from Old English *agasten* : so in Chaucer, *Knights Tale*, 1566 :—

'Of which Arcita somewhat hym agaste,'

i.e. 'was terrified,' and Spenser, *Faery Queene*, 1, 9, 21 :—

'or other griesly thing, that him aghast.'

Cp. Shaks. *King Lear*, 2, 1, 57, 'gasted by the noise I made.' Even as early as Spenser an *h* had crept in, as in 'ghost,' 'ghastly,' and the word means here, as in Modern English generally, rather 'struck with horror' than 'terrified.'

20. **Effeminate as I am**, i.e. according to the opinion of others. He refers to Enid's words in *Marriage of Geraint*, 106 :—

'saying all his force  
Is melted into mere effeminacy,'

which was one of the fragments that he overheard.

21. **gilded arms**, i.e. the help of wealth.

25. **Was all the marble threshold flashing** etc. The poet leaves us, as well as Enid, with a vivid picture of the scene impressed on our minds, though in itself it is of little importance.

27. **Chafing**, 'rubbing,' because the purse had struck it. The word 'chafe' properly means 'warm,' Old French *chauffer*

(modern *chauffer*), Low Latin *caleficare*; hence 'warm by rubbing' and then simply 'rub': cp. l. 581, and *Passing of Arthur*, 377:—

'And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands.'

More common is the metaphorical use of the word in the sense of 'to vex' or 'to be vexed,' as e.g. 'it chafes me that I could not bend One will,' *Dream of Fair Women*, 137, or 'Began to chafe as at a personal wrong,' *Enoch Arden*, 471.

30. the marches, i.e. the boundaries of Geraint's territory, those marches which he had craved leave from Arthur to go and defend (*Marriage of Geraint*, 40), and beyond which lay the territory which he then spoke of as the refuge of bandits and assassins. Jealousy and anger make him do now what regard for his promise and for his honour should have made him do before.

bandit-haunted holds: for 'bandit' see *Marriage of Geraint*, 35: 'haunt' is from French *hanter*, 'to frequent': 'holds' for 'strongholds.'

31. of the hern, 'frequented by the hern' (or heron), a bird which seeks its food in lonely pools and swamps.

33. Round, i.e. 'quick.' We speak of a 'round sum' of money, meaning that which is reckoned in hundreds or thousands without regard to the odd units (which suggest the idea of breaking up into parts), a sum which may be regarded as a smooth unbroken lump. Then similarly to 'speak roundly' is to speak in general terms and without regard to details, and so in an absolute and unqualified manner. When in Shaksp. *Henry V.* 4, 1, 216, the king says, 'Your reproof is something too round,' he means that the saying is too absolute, there is not enough qualification in it. From this use the idea of vigour attaches to the word, and a 'round pace' is one in which there is no slackness.

34. had, 'would have.'

35. This line is a parenthesis thrown in, as often in Tennyson, so as to suspend suddenly the flow of the sentence, which is resumed afterwards as if no interruption had occurred: cp. *Gareth and Lynette*, 240:—

'but these my men  
(Your city moved so weirdly in the mist)  
Doubt if the King be King at all,' etc.

And see note on *Marriage of Geraint*, 296.

37. O I that etc., meaning 'O how unhappy a man am I, who' etc., the sentence being broken in his heart (l. 41).

tend upon her, 'attend upon her.'

39. compass, 'surround.'



40. **To dress her beautifully** etc. Geraint is always apt to rate highly the attractions of dress, and this is a genuine British trait, if we may trust the Welsh romances: see note on *Marriage of Geraint*, 163. He dressed very brilliantly himself, was 'splendid in his acts and his attire' as Enid felt, and he rated highly the probable effect of his brilliancy upon others (*M.G.* 801). The greatest proof of strength of character and love for himself which he can suggest is the laying aside of a gorgeous gown at his request; the care which he had taken to dress his wife beautifully, he feels ought to have kept her true; and the first punishment that he thinks of is to bid her put on her meanest dress. It is evidently meant to suggest that in him there was a courtly regard for outward show, which was a contrast to Enid's contentment in her humble state. She cared little for the splendour except so far as it pleased him or did him honour (*M.G.* 11, 621).

42. The breaking off of the thought is compared to the breaking off of uttered speech under the influence of passion.

46. **cast about**. The metaphor in this expression may be originally from hunting, in which 'to make a cast' or 'to cast about' is to send out the hounds in various directions in search of the trail, and so also in hawking: but the word 'cast' means often in older English 'consider,' or 'contrive': cp. Chaucer, *Man of Lawes Tale*, 450:—

'And caste anon how he myghte quyte hir while.'

47. **unnoticed by herself**. She had asked,

'If Enid errs, let Enid learn her fault,'

and he had replied,

'I charge thee, ask not, but obey.'

49. **the great plover** would be perhaps the so-called 'gray plover,' rather larger than the golden plover: but the golden plover has the more 'human' whistle. Enid is amazed by the likeness of its whistle in these waste places to that of a man, and fears constantly that some one will attack them.

51. **brake** means properly 'fern,' perhaps so-called because growing upon broken ground; hence it is used for underwood generally' (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

**ambuscade**, from Spanish *emboscada*, Low Latin *imboscare*, 'to set in a bush or thicket' (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

58. **caitiffs**: see note on *M. of Geraint*, 35. The word is used either as substantive or adjective, cp. l. 66: so 'villain' in *Gareth and Lynette*, 157 and 700.

60. **laggard**. The same suffix is found in a few other words as 'sluggard,' 'wizard.'

The Welsh story here says, that as they came near to a forest they saw four horsemen come forth from it, and 'when the

horsemen beheld them, one of them said to the others, Behold, here is a good occasion for us to capture two horses and armour, and a lady likewise; for this we shall have no difficulty in doing against a single knight, who hangs his head so pensively and heavily.'

65. **I will go back** etc. The original has it thus:—'The vengeance of heaven be upon me, she said, if I would not rather receive my death from his hand than from the hand of any other; and though he should slay me, yet will I speak to him, lest I should have the misery to witness his death.'

67. **be he, 'if he be.'**

68. **Far liefer ... had I die**: see note on *M. of Geraint*, 93: and compare the feeling expressed in that passage with what we have here.

71. **timidly firm**, 'firm in her resolve, but afraid of his anger': so in l. 140, 'with timid firmness.'

74 f. Notice the force which is here derived from the simplicity of the repetition.

76. **Did I wish** etc. In the original it is:—'Thou hadst only, said he, to hold thy peace as I bade thee. I wish but for silence and not for warning. And though thou shouldst desire to see my defeat and my death by the hands of these men, yet do I feel no dread.'

86. **a cubit thro' his breast**: that is, a cubit's length of the shaft of Geraint's lance passed through his body.

87, 88. **brace Of comrades**. The word 'brace,' used properly of animals ('a brace of greyhounds,' 'a brace of partridges'), is applied to men in contempt: so in Shaksp. *Tempest*, 5, 1, 126:—

'But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,  
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you  
And justify you traitors.'

Compare the expression 'a leash of kings' in *Gareth and Lynette*, 51. The Old French *brace* (Latin *brachia*) means 'the two arms,' hence of things held one in each hand.

90. **Swung from his brand** etc. For 'brand,' see note on *M. of Geraint*, 166.

a **windy buffet**: the epithet 'windy' implies that it was a stroke that stirred the air. The whole expression is a picturesque one, and the 'once, twice, to right, to left,' of the next line represents the action by the rhythm, in which there is an emphatic abruptness following upon the smooth swing of the line before.

94. **wolves of woman born**: men who acted like beasts of prey, and so were 'worse than the wolves.'

97. **each on each**, i.e. *each on that which belonged to it.*

101. **ruth**, 'pity': originally 'sorrow,' from the verb 'to rue,' meaning 'to be sorry for'; cp. 'ruthless.'

105. **fain had**, 'gladly would have.'

107. **smoulder'd wrong**, i.e. the sense of wrong which was like a smouldering fire, ever burning, but never breaking out into flame. For the metaphor, cp. *Coming of Arthur*, 63 ff. :—

'A doubt that ever smoulder'd in the hearts  
Of those great Lords and Barons of his realm  
Flash'd forth and into war.'

116. **Caerleon** is a few miles above the mouth of the Usk : see note on *M. of Geraint*, 146.

117. **turn** : notice the subjunctive, which is less common and therefore more poetical than 'turns.' The rhythm of this line seems to express the ebbing of the tide wave by wave.

118. **Pauses**. The position of the word is meant to represent the pause which is spoken of : compare the position of the words 'Fell' in l. 389 and 'Beat' in l. 404. In a somewhat similar fashion the word 'fall' is emphasized in *The Last Tournament*, 460 :—

'But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse,  
To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,  
Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp  
Fall, as the crest' etc.

The pause which is referred to is the few minutes of high tide before the ebb perceptibly begins.

119. **In the first shallow shade**. The oaks behind make a deep gloom, but at the edge of the wood the shade is lighter.

120. **stubborn-shafted**. The 'shaft' is the trunk of the tree, which goes up straight like the shaft of a spear (from 'shave,' because it is shaven smooth) : 'stubborn' (older 'stiborn') is derived from *styb*, a stub or stump of a tree, so 'stubborn' would mean 'stock-like,' and hence 'not easily moved.' The metaphorical application of the word to trees is therefore really a return to the original meaning of the word : cp. note on *M. of Geraint*, 339.

123. **shook her pulses**, 'made her pulses beat more quickly' : cp. *Princess*, 3, 192 :—

"the light of eyes  
That lent my knee desire to kneel, and shook  
My pulses."

125. **a girl** : **set on**. The unchivalrous character of the brigands is marked by this exclamation and by what follows, ll. 128, 129.

127. **craven**, in older English 'cravant,' from French *cravanté*, 'broken,' 'oppressed'; originally from the stem of the Latin *crepare*. In English it is used of one who has become a coward by being beaten.

133. **My lord is weary** etc. In the original:—'This is but true, said she to herself, for my husband is tired with the former combat. The vengeance of heaven will be upon me, unless I warn him of this.'

135. **Needs must I**: in this expression 'needs' is used as an adverb meaning 'of necessity.'

136. **How should I dare** etc. This kind of repetition with variation is characteristic of the poet and is often used with extraordinary effect in emphasizing simple words, cp. *Guinevere*, 554:—

'I love thee still,

Let no man dream but that I love thee still.'

149. **sally**, from French *saillir*, 'to issue forth,' Latin *salire*, 'to leap': cp. 'assail.'

151. **As you that not obey me**: 'I declare to heaven, he answered, that their words are less grievous to me than that thou wilt not be silent, and abide by my counsel.'

For 'not obey' instead of 'obey not,' cp. *Gareth and Lynette*, 11:—

'Thou dost his will,

The Maker's, and not knowest.'

152. **the better man**, 'the conqueror.' He assumes as before that Enid probably desires his death.

154. **not dare**, i.e. 'not to dare ... only to breathe' etc.

155. **short fits of prayer**: 'fit,' which means perhaps originally 'pace' (Icel. *fet*), is used for a division of a poem, and it is in this kind of sense that it is used here. The use of it for attacks of illness is derived from the same idea of separate portions or steps, with intervals between.

156. **he, she dreaded**, 'he whom she dreaded,' a frequent ellipsis, e.g. *Gareth and Lynette*, 874:—

'hard by here is one will overthrow

And slay thee.'

157. **Aim'd at the helm** etc., i.e. his lance which was aimed at the helm, failed of its mark. The abruptness of the expression is of course intentional.

159. **home**, i.e. to the destined place, the vital point: 'to strike home' is to strike so that the stroke takes full effect, goes to the place intended; so 'to charge (the enemy) home,' as in *Shaksp. Coriolanus*, 1, 4, 38:—

‘ Mend and charge home,  
Or by the fires of heaven ’ etc.

We have also such expressions as ‘ to pay home,’ ‘ to punish home ’ etc., meaning to take revenge or exact punishment to the full of that which is required.

160. The rhythm of this line represents first the breaking short of the lance and then the rolling over of the enemy : cp. *Lancelot and Elaine*, 26 :—

‘ Broke the strong lance and roll’d his enemy down.’

161. *he that tells the tale* means in this case the poet himself, as does the similar expression in *Gareth and Lynette*, 1394, and probably also in the *Last Tournament*, 226, where it introduces a simile, as here :—

‘ for he that tells the tale  
Liken’d them, saying, as when an hour of cold  
Falls on the mountain in midsummer snows,  
And all the purple slopes of mountain flowers  
Pass under white, till the warm hour returns  
With veer of wind, and all are flowers again ;  
So dame and damsel ’ etc.

On the other hand in the *Coming of Arthur*, 94 :—‘ as he speaks who tells the tale,’ the reference is probably to some authority which the poet is following, and this is certainly the case in *Pelleas and Ettarre*, 482, for the reference is there to Malory.

With regard to this simile and the manner of its introduction, it should be observed that the similes used by Tennyson often derive vividness and force from a certain individuality which suggests that they are exact copies of the personal experience of the poet, things which he has seen himself in every detail as they are recorded. This characteristic is especially brought into prominence here by the distinct reference which is made to the experience of ‘ him who tells the tale,’ but it is plainly visible in a multitude of other similes, and sometimes has the effect of making it difficult for one who has not seen the thing referred to under the circumstances described, to realize the force of the comparison. This effect may be produced either by reference being made to a definite thing which is rather out of the range of ordinary experience, as in *Gareth and Lynette*, 908, ‘ the stone Avanturine,’ and 1172, where the thing referred to is a little-known inscription near a very obscure stream ; and here, where the fall of the bandit with the spear broken off in his body is compared to the sliding down to the beach of a portion of a cliff with a tree growing in it : or the thing may be common enough but described as seen under special conditions, as in the simile quoted above from the *Last Tournament*.

164. The rhythm is expressive of the action.

164. **windy walls**: cp. the Homeric ἀκρὰς ἡμετέρας, 'the windy heights,' *Od.* 9, 400.

168. **bulwark** is properly 'log work' (cp. 'bole' of a tree), hence in general of works made for defence, and here metaphorically of the man in whom they had most trust.

170, 171. **as one, That listens** etc. In this fine simile the war cry of Geraint as heard in battle above the other noises of the fight is compared to the 'drumming thunder' of a great cataract heard in the distance above the nearer sound of the mountain torrent by which the listener stands.

176. **like that false pair** etc., 'and so also were these, who fled, but were overtaken and died the death which they had inflicted on many another.'

179. **pick'd**, i.e. 'chose.'

180 ff. cp. ll. 92-100.

187. **To keep them** belongs to 'Together' in l. 189, from which it is separated by one of the parentheses by which words which belong closely to one another are often separated in Tennyson's verse: cp. note on *Marriage of Geraint*, 296.

189. **disedge**, 'blunt': so in *Pelleas and Ettarre*, 566:—'But here will I disedge it by thy death.' The word is used by Shaksp. *Cymb.* 3, 4, 96:—'when thou shalt be disedged' (i.e. 'when the keenness of thy passion shall be abated'). A good many rather unusual words formed with this prefix are found in Tennyson, as 'disaged' (*Gareth and Lynette*, 20), 'disyoke' (*Princess*, 2, 141), 'dishelmed' (*Princess*, 6, 101), 'disprinced' (*Princess*, 5, 29), 'dishorsed' (*Marriage of Geraint*, 563), 'dislinked' (*Vivien*), 'dis-archbishop' (*Q. Mary*, 4, 2, 79). The meaning of these lines is that her troublesome task so absorbed her mind that she had little leisure to think of her other trouble, and so the pain of it was rendered somewhat less sharp.

191 ff. So the joy of Geraint's charger on seeing his master again is partly because he is 'no more a vassal to the thief,' ll. 751 ff.

193. **prick'd**, i.e. 'set up,' as horses do when their attention is roused by sound or voice.

**light ears**, because so quickly moving to any sound.

195. **green gloom**: cp. *Pelleas and Ettarre*, 32:—'Thro' that green-glooming twilight of the grove': so in the *Dream of Fair Women* we have 'deep-blue gloom' for the darkness of the sky at night. Marvel compares oranges hanging in the shade of their foliage to 'golden lamps in a green night,' and the same poet in his *Thoughts in a Garden* speaks of the mind of him who reposes in the garden as transforming all things into 'a green thought in a green shade.'

198, 199. **gemlike chased** In the brown wild: the green meadow surrounded by barren wilderness was like an emerald or some other gem enclosed in a setting. The word 'chased' (for 'enchased') means 'enclosed,' from Old French *enchasser*, connected with *caisse*, *casse*, 'box,' Lat. *capsa* (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*). In modern French *enchâsser* means 'to set in a shrine,' from *châsse*, 'shrine,' which is in derivation the same as *caisse*. Here 'chased' is used in its original sense, but when it is said that Excalibur was 'curiously and strangely chased' (*Passing of Arthur*, 254), the word means rather 'engraved' or 'adorned with raised work,' from the idea of ornamentation by jewels set in gold or silver, but with the application of the word transferred from the gems to that in which they are set.

202. **victual**: the word is now generally used in the plural, but Tennyson avoids the more common-place expression by the use of the singular, as in older English, e.g. Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, *Prolog.* 749:—

'And servede us with vitaille atte best.'

The modern spelling 'victual' is in reference to the Latin *vitualia* (from the stem of *vivere*, 'to live'), but as the word comes through the French *vitaille*, such spelling is historically false.

210. **sward** means originally 'skin' or 'covering,' hence the 'green sward' is the grassy covering of the land, the green turf: cp. Germ. *schwarte*, 'skin' (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

213. **stomach**, 'appetite,' as frequently in Shakspeare, e.g. *Much Ado*, 1, 1, 51:—'he is a very valiant trencher-man: he hath an excellent stomach'; 1, 3, 16:—'I must ... eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure'; 2, 3, 265:—'You have no stomach, signior: fare you well.'

214. **close with**, 'agree to.'

218. **guerdon**, from Old French *guerdon*, Low Lat. *widerdonum* (cp. Ital. *guidardone*), which is formed from the Old German *widar*, 'back,' and Lat. *donum*, 'gift.' The Old German form is *widarlôn* (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

219. **reddening**: so of Gareth on receiving his arms and the release from his vow:—

'Shame never made girl redder than Gareth joy.'

*Gareth and Lynette*, 526.

231. **costlier**, adverb, 'in a more costly manner': cp. *Marriage of Geraint*, 769.

**fare**: the verb 'fare' means properly 'travel' (cp. Germ. *fahren*), and thence to fare well or ill is to prosper or the reverse (properly in one's journey), cp. l. 500. As a substantive 'well-fare' comes to mean 'prosperity,' and 'fare' means that which

falls to one's lot, especially with reference to the first necessary of life, food ; so here.

233. **angrier appetite.** The idea of eager passion connected with anger is transferred here to the appetite for food : cp. *Marriage of Geraint*, 306.

237. **if he want me :** for the use of the subjunctive cp. l. 117.

242. **thought himself a knight,** because of the horse and armour which he possessed.

245. **errant,** 'wandering': his eyes had followed the lad up the rocky pathway.'

247. **droopt,** like a plant or a flower ; cp. l. 610.

**doom,** 'judgment': see *Marriage of Geraint*, 813 ff.

250. **another humorous ruth :** he had first felt pity for Enid, though this is only implied, not stated, and now he feels pity mingled with amusement for the mowers, whom he has for the time deprived of their meal.

251. **lusty** originally meant 'pleasant'; so, in Chaucer, e.g. *Squires Tale*, 52:—'Full lusty was the weder and benigne': then 'vigorous' or 'strong.'

252. **blaze on the turning scythe :** as the scythe sweeps through the grass the inclination of its blade varies continuously, so that at one point or another it will probably catch the rays of the sun and reflect them.

254. See *Marriage of Geraint*, 315 ff.

255. **windy clamour,** because loudest when the wind is rather high: the 'daws' are jackdaws, which nest in old towers or ruined buildings. Enid's thoughts as well as Geraint's are of the time before 'shadow of mistrust' crossed between them, and go back sadly to the associations of her old home.

258. **listless annulet,** 'careless little ring': 'annulet' is diminutive from Latin *annulus*, 'ring,' which itself is a diminutive of *annus* (originally 'circle,' hence 'year'): 'listless' properly means 'without pleasure' (for 'lustless'), then 'without vigour,' 'careless': see note on 'lusty,' l. 251. The rings are called listless because made carelessly and without any real thought of them, for the action is a mechanical one, and her thoughts are elsewhere.

262 ff. Compare the corresponding passage of the *Mabinogion* quoted in the Introduction.

266. **voiceless thro' the fault of birth,** i.e. 'born dumb, 'voiceless by defect with which they were born.'

267. **supporters** in heraldry are men or animals set one on each side of the coat of arms. They are used only in the arms of noble or distinguished families. What is suggested here is a coat



of arms with two savages as supporters, one on each side of the shield. 'Savages' or 'wild men' are the terms used in heraldry for men as supporters standing naked except a laurel-wreath girdle, facing the spectator, one on each side of the shield, with clubs in their outer hands. The royal arms of Denmark have wild men as supporters.

270. **On a sudden.** The abruptness of expression and rhythm corresponds with the startling nature of the interruption.

272. **Their drowse:** according to the original they were weary after having passed the night in the wood, but in the poem the action is shorter, and they sleep after the fatigues of the morning. Here 'drowse' is a substantive, much the same as 'drowsiness'; in Old English it is a verb, 'to be sluggish.'

273. **drave**, intransitive, 'was driven.'

274. **a rout** is 'a body of broken troops,' Fr. *route*, Lat. *rupta*, hence 'a disorderly crowd.'

**roisterers**, formed from 'roistering,' which comes from 'roister,' 'a turbulent fellow, French *rustre*, 'a boor,' Old French *ruste*, from Lat. *rusticus* (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

575. A certain contempt seems to be expressed by the alliteration with 'f,' as that with 'r' in the line above emphasises the riotous character of the company.

276. For Limours and his courtship of Enid see *Marriage of Geraint*, 440 ff. Tennyson has interchanged the names of Limours and Doorm in the Welsh story, which, it may be observed, knows nothing of this former acquaintance between Enid and the Earl.

278. **pliant**, because bending so as to adapt itself to all moods.

279. **full-face**: cp. the expression 'glowing full-faced welcome' (*Princess*, 2, 166).

**but stealthily** belongs to 'Found Enid' etc., l. 281.

282. **knew her sitting**, 'knew that she was sitting': cp. *M. of G.* 447. If it meant 'recognised her, as she sat' etc., a comma would be required after 'knew her.'

283. **goodly cheer**: the word 'cheer' means originally 'face,' from Old French *chere* (cp. Ital. *cerd*), Low Latin *cara*. 'To be of good cheer' or 'to make good cheer' for a person are expressions which contain the germ of the word 'cheerful,' and the origin of the expression 'good cheer' in the sense in which we have it here, viz good things to eat or drink.

284. **sumptuously**, i.e. 'without limit of expense.'

291. **Free tales**: 'free' means here 'free from restraints' of decorum etc., so that it is equivalent to 'licentious.'

**play'd upon it** etc.: he played with the meaning of words and brought out double senses: the wit is of the kind referred to

in Shakspeare, *Twelfth Night*, 3, 1, 12 :—' *Clown*. To see this age! a sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward! *Viola*. Nay, that's certain: they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.'

295. *facets* are the surfaces given to a gem by cutting it: a gem of many facets would glance and sparkle whichever way it was turned, for it would always catch and reflect the light from one or other of its surfaces.

298. 'Then he asked of Geraint, Have I thy permission to go and converse with yonder maiden, for I see that she is apart from thee? Thou hast it gladly, said he' (*Mabinogion*). The freedom with which leave is given is perhaps a little inconsistent with Geraint's jealousy, especially as according to Tennyson the person who asked leave was an old suitor of Enid, of whom Geraint had already heard by name. In the French romance jealousy is not part of his character nor the motive of his ill-treatment of Enid.

306. *pilot star*: the metaphor is, of course, from the stars which serve as guides for steering, chiefly those about the pole, because more unchanging in position than the rest. The comparison of a woman's eyes to the lode-star is a common-place of poetry :—

'O happy fair!  
Your eyes are lode-stars.'

Shakspeare, *Mids. N. Dream*, 1, 1, 182.

So in *Gareth and Lynette*, 307 :—

'Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars of love.'

But here Enid herself is the pilot star of his life, and so in *Maud*, 1, 4, 12 :—

'I see her pass like a light  
But sorrow seize me if ever that light be my guiding star.'

310. *Ye are in my power at last!* The character of the man is at once marked as utterly unchivalrous, and the repetition of the expression 'are in my power' marks how he exults in the opportunity which has been offered to him.

312. *civility*, 'gentleness,' such as is the mark of civilization: so in Shakspeare, *Cymbeline*, 4, 2, 179, where Belarius wonders at the instinct which forms the two princes, who have been brought up in wildness,

'To royalty unlearned, honour untaught,  
Civility not seen from other.'

315. *you saw me favourably*, i.e. 'you looked upon me with favour.'

318. *Owe you me nothing* etc. If he had had any love worthy of the name, he would not have claimed love as a debt, and still

less would he have suggested that the object of his love was dearly bought by the sacrifice of half his own life. Evidently the manner in which 'half' and 'whole' are set against one another in these two lines is intended to point to something of this kind. His only real feeling is 'self-pity,' if he has even that, and not merely the fancy of it: cp. l. 349. Contrast the selfishness here with the self-abnegation expressed in *In Memoriam*, 62, 1 ff:—

‘Tho’ if an eye that’s downward cast  
Could make thee somewhat blench or fail,  
Then be my love an idle tale,  
A fading legend of the past.’

320, 321. **you and he** .. **Ye sit apart, you do not etc.** ‘You’ and ‘ye’ are here apparently distinguished, but only for the sake of variety, for Tennyson uses ‘ye’ quite indifferently for singular and plural; e.g. ll. 310, 332, and *Marriage of Geraint*, 276.

324. **call it lovers’ quarrels**: ‘though such differences may be called lovers’ quarrels,’ of which there is the proverb *amantium irae amoris redintegratio*, ‘lovers’ quarrels are the renewal of love.’

325. **bicker**, frequentative from Old English ‘biken,’ ‘to skirmish,’ or ‘beken,’ ‘to peck,’ a word of Celtic origin (*Skeat, Etym. Dict.*). Here it means simply ‘quarrel’: elsewhere, as in l. 449, it denotes rapid and quivering motion backwards and forwards, up or down, used especially of fire or water: so of water in *The Brook*, ‘To bicker down the valley’; of the light of the star Sirius in *The Princess*, 5, 253, ‘bickers into red and emerald.’

331. **A common chance**: cp. *Gareth and Lynette*, 87:—

‘an often chance  
In those brain-stunning shocks, and tourney-falls.’

**pall’d**, i.e. ‘your beauty has pall’d upon him’: ‘pall’ originally means ‘grow pale’ (like ‘appal’), from old French *apalir*: formerly it was used especially of drink losing colour and flavour by standing, and so becoming vapid. When we say that a thing palls upon us we mean that it grows vapid or colourless, and ceases to rouse our interest.

336. **Good, speak the word**: like ‘good now’ in Shakespeare and elsewhere (e.g. *Ant. and Cleop.* 1, 3, 78:—‘Good now, play one scene Of excellent dissembling’: and *Hamlet*, 1, 1, 70:—‘Good now, sit down and tell me’ etc.), used as a form of request.

**ring him round**, ‘surround him.’

338. **nay** is in reply to Enid’s frightened look at the idea that Geraint’s life is in danger.

340. **My malice is no deeper** etc., that is, it will use no worse instrument than a prison.

341. **there is the keep**, pointing in the direction of the castle: the 'keep' in mediæval fortification was the central and principal tower of the castle, to which the defenders retired when the outer walls were taken.

342. **cross us**, i.e. come between us, to interfere with our happiness, like 'came between' in l. 314.

343. **Or speak it not; but then** etc. He threatens her with carrying out his purpose by force, if she refuses to consent to it; and then having sufficiently convinced her that he would not scruple to make use of all his power, he affects to apologise for his threat, ll. 346, 347, as proceeding from the passionate nature of his love.

349. **And sweet self-pity** etc. The feeling that moves him almost to tears is a selfish one—the sense of pity for his own sorrows, the life half-lost, and the gentle nature turned wild, which he pictures to himself as the result of his fancied passion. And even this feeling of self-pity is only half-genuine: partly it is but fancy like his love. In the *Princess*, 7, 124, the Prince sheds tears of self-pity over his love and its tragedy, but it is in extreme physical weakness and languor.

351. **Moist as they were**, 'though they were moist,' and therefore had some sign of tenderness.

353. **Guiltily or guiltless** In a man the use of craft of this kind in a case which affected his honour would be an indication of fear and a presumption that he was not quite without reproach. A woman, however, the poet implies, is so conscious of her physical weakness that she naturally has recourse to a stratagem to stave off a danger, even when her conscience is clear.

**stave off** means properly 'push away with a staff or pole,' and it is used ordinarily of keeping vessels from dashing against one another, or against the shore. The expression, however, in the next line, 'That breaks upon them,' suggests rather the idea of a wave, which properly speaking could not be 'staved off.' There is a similar mixture of metaphors in Hamlet's well-known soliloquy:—'Or to take arms against a sea of troubles.'

356. **do not practise on me**, i.e. 'are not practising your skill on me,' 'trying to deceive me': cp. Shaksp. *Taming of the Shrew*, *Ind.* 1, 36:—'Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man,' and *2 Henry IV.* 2, 1, 125:—'you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman.'

359. **with his brandish'd plume** etc. The plume of his cap is swept so low in his bow as to touch his foot: 'to brandish' is properly 'to wave a sword,' from 'brand.'

360. The homeliness of expression in this line implies a certain absence of ceremony about Geraint's good-night, though it was loud and hearty enough.

362. **babbled** expresses the foolish talk of a man intoxicated with wine and vanity.

368. **commune**, used as a substantive for 'communion,' as in *In Memoriam*, 116, 14 :—

'For days of happy commune dead. .

378 ff. The overstrained condition in which she was, caused her sleep to be disturbed by dreams of slipping down precipices and catching at thorn bushes which gave way when she seized them, and so she woke with a violent start.

382. **random** here probably means 'gathered at hazard,' and therefore consisting of ruffians of all kinds; but it might be 'reckless.' The word is used of a thing said or done at hazard, and especially in the phrase 'at random.' It comes from the Old French *random*, which is used for the force and swiftness of a stream, and in the phrase *à random*, 'in haste,' 'impetuously.' The meaning of *random* has reference to the force of a brimming river, and the word comes apparently from the German *rand*, 'brim' (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

384. **the red cock shouting to the light**. A bold and vivid expression. For the epithet, cp. *May Queen*, 2, 23 :—

'Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill.'

385. A beautiful and picturesque line.

386. **his** means Geraint's of course, though the last person mentioned before was the Earl. .

388. **jangling**, 'sounding discordantly,' an imitative word.

**casque**, 'helmet,' comes through French from the Italian *casco*, connected with words that mean 'shell' or 'husk.' In Spanish *casco* means 'skull,' 'sherd,' 'cask,' 'helmet,' and *cas-cara*, 'rind' (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*). "'And what expect you from beneath this iron shell?" said Richard, as the removal of the casque gave to view the noble countenance of Sir Kenneth' (Scott, *Talisman*, ch. 28). .

399. **Your sweet faces**, i.e. 'the beauty of you women.'

403. **like a household spirit**, because of the silence with which she glided about, and the mysteriousness of the knocking. Note the emphatic position of 'Beat' in the next line: cp. ll. 118 and 389.

407. **did him service as a squire**: cp. Shakspeare *Ant. and Cleop.* 4, 4, 14 (where Cleopatra buckles on Antony's armour):—'Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire More tight at this than thou.'

409 ff. 'Desire the man of the house to come here; and the man of the house came to him. Dost thou know how much I owe thee? asked Geraint. I think thou owest but little. Take the eleven horses and the eleven suits of armour. Heaven reward thee, lord, said he, but I spent not the value of one suit of armour upon thee. For that reason, said he, thou wilt be the richer' (*Mabinogion*). (It will be remembered that in the Welsh story twelve brigands had been killed, and consequently eleven horses and suits of armour remained to be disposed of, instead of five).

410. Suddenly honest, 'surprised into honesty,' implying that that was hardly his wonted character.

419. would obey, 'desire to obey.'

420 f. Observe the monotony of structure in these two lines: cp. notes on *Marriage of Geraint*, 50 and 239. The result here is to give greater effect to a simple form of expression.

424. be not too wise etc.: she must not be over fond of exercising wise judgment; for he is not quite a fool, and can see for himself the dangers of which she wishes to warn him, and even perhaps a few which she would desire to conceal from him.

426. Not all mismated etc. 'Your husband is a man, no senseless boor, but one not altogether unworthy of you': cp. *Last Tournament*, 566:—

'misyoked with such a want of man,'

and *Locksley Hall*, 47:—

'thou art mated with a clown.'

'Clown' is from a stem which means 'log,' hence 'clumsy fellow': 'yawning' is used in reference to the want of vigilance which he assumes is imputed to him by the suggestion that he needs Enid to watch for him.

429. ears to hear you etc., referring of course to her supposed confession of guilt in *Marriage of Geraint*, 108.

430 ff. Cp. *Marriage of Geraint*, 773 ff. The repetition of the exact words in ll. 431 and 434 is intended to point the parallel more strongly. In both cases it is Geraint's keen look of jealous suspicion which causes the blush, but there it was the blush of maiden modesty, and here of shame; not however, as a wanton fool or hasty judger would have supposed, the shame of conscious guilt, but rather of being so little trusted and so jealously watched.

434. either eyelid, 'each eyelid.'

442. rood is a variation of 'rod,' meaning 'staff' or 'pole.' For one special use of the word, see note on *M. of Geraint*, 368.

Here it is simply a measure of length. Usually in Modern English the form 'rood' stands for a measure of area (a quarter of an acre), and 'rod' for a measure of length ( $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards).

446. 'Before the dew on the blades of grass had been dried up by the sun.'

447. *heavily-galloping* evidently represents the sound 'in the rhythm.'

448. *turning round*, because the noise came from behind.

449. *bicker*, see note on l. 325. Here it is used of the flash from the lance-points, which came and went amid the cloud of dust.

450. *behest*, 'command,' formed from 'hest': cp. German *heissen*.

455. *kept the letter of his word*, 'kept his command literally,' by not speaking, though in effect she disobeyed, because she warned him.

458. *like a 'thunder-cloud* etc. 'The long plume and cloak flying behind him seem to be compared to the loose skirts of the cloud just breaking into rain.

460. A forcible variation, meaning 'half run away with by his horse.'

461. *a dry shriek*: cp. the Homeric expressions, *κόρυθες δ' ἀμφ' αὖρον ἀύτειν* (and the helmets rang round about with dry sound) and *καρφαλέον δέ οἱ ἀσπίς ἄυσεν* (and his shield rang dry). A certain harshness of sound is implied, but probably here what is meant is that the man's throat is dry with passion, and the shriek sounds as if it came from such a throat. So Doorm when he is hot with anger can scarce eat till he has well drunk (l. 659 ff.).

462 ff. Geraint unhorsed him so that he fell the length of 'lance and arm' (that is the distance from the shoulder to the lance's point) behind his horse's crupper.

466. *roust*: see note on l. 274.

467. *flash* indicates the sudden outbreak of activity and ardour for battle which Geraint displayed: cp. the expression 'flashed into sudden spleen' (*Marriage of Geraint*, 273).

468 ff. The simile is most picturesque and beautiful, finished in its every detail: the clear stream with sandy bottom, the shoal of fish not darting now, but sliding along in the sunshine with their shadows moving beneath them on the sand, the hand held up against the sun, so that the sunlight half shines through it, yet casting a shadow on the water, and the fish darting away so quickly that you cannot see where they are gone, but only con-

jecture that they are lying under the islets of flowering water-cress which dot the stream. Hardly any poet but Tennyson has done work like this, so minutely faithful and yet so picturesque and appropriate.

470. *dykes* are properly trenches with embankments, and the word is originally the same as 'ditch.' Here 'the crystal dykes' are channels with clear water, which we must imagine to have been made at Camelot for the royal pleasure. For 'Camelot' see note on *Marriage of Geraint*, 432.

473. *But-lift*, 'only lift,' like 'but scantily' in the lines quoted above, and 'but' in l. 476: cp. note on *Marriage of Geraint*, 11.

474. *twinkle* is used of a rapid motion combined with a flash of light.

475. *cressy islets*: the channel is covered with patches of water-cress, which now in summer are white with blossom. Water-cress is a cruciferous plant which grows best in clear running water with sandy or gravelly bottom.

476. *scared*, from Old English 'skerre,' 'shy,' 'timid,' a Scandinavian word connected with the stem *scar*, 'cut,' and with words meaning 'shun': cp. 'sheer off.'

477. *boon companions*, properly 'good companions,' that is 'companions in merriment.' The word is hardly used except in this phrase.

480. *like a stormy sunlight*: because it was a smile with gloom in it.

490. *shall we fast, or dine?* i.e. 'shall we take his spoils and pay for our dinner with them, or shall we go hungry?'

491. *No?* Enid makes a sign of dissent, when Geraint proposes to strip Limours of his armour: she shrinks from carrying off anything belonging to the man whom she has known as a lover and loathed. Geraint suggests that she must pray then that they may meet ere long with some other person whom they may lawfully slay and spoil, some of the lawless horsemen of Earl Doorm, in whose territory they now are.

*being right honest*, is a kind of jeer at the refinement of honesty which would shrink from taking the spoils of one slain in such a manner; and so she takes it, for it evidently jars upon her, see line 494 ff. Note how the word 'honest' recurs in this speech of Geraint's.

500. *So fared it with Geraint*. His bleeding under the armour, of which he is hardly conscious, is like a loss which has befallen a man who is in a far land, and as yet knows nothing;



the fainting and the fall is compared to the sudden discovery and its effects.

505. **wagg'd**, 'swayed backwards and forwards.'

506. **swerving** here means 'bend' (of the road), properly 'turning aside.'

508. This line agrees in its rhythm with the action, ending after several pauses with the sudden monosyllable 'fell.'

514. The 'faded silk' becomes instrumental now in the progress of reconciliation.

515. **blistering** means properly 'raising bladders' on the skin or elsewhere. The use of the word here about the sun's heat is perhaps from the effect which the heat of the sun has upon painted wood or metal, but it is also true that excessive exposure to the glare and heat of the sun might cause the human skin to peel off.

516. **swathed**, 'bandaged,' from 'swath,' which means now only a 'line of mown grass,' but formerly also a 'shred of cloth' used as a bandage: connected with 'swaddle' (for 'swathel').

520 ff. This picture of the various passers-by in the wild land is very vivid, and the careless indifference to 'a woman weeping for her murder'd mate' well marks the general lawlessness.

525. **perilous**, because by it he might incur the wrath of the Earl.

529. It is possible that the rhythm of this line is designed to express by its strongly marked division the careless gallop of the man-at-arms, while the succeeding lines, with their smoothness and absence of pauses, represent the more eager and rapid flight of him who fled before 'an ever-fancied arrow.' Whether designed or no, the effect is what has been said.

532. **smoke**, with the dust he raised in his flight.

533. **whinnying**, 'neighing.'

537. **under-fringe**, an expressive word, which as a description of the manner of growth of the beard conveys the idea of coarseness.

**russet**, "reddish," from French *rousset*, diminutive of *rousse*.

538. **foray**, a Lowland Scotch form of 'forage,' which properly means 'fodder,' with the verb 'to forage' meaning 'to collect fodder' (for horses, etc.): thence a 'foray' was 'a plundering expedition,' since forage was obtained by plunder (cp. l. 627): Old French *fourage*, *forre*, Low Latin *fodrum*, from Scandinavian *foder*: cp. English 'fodder,' from *fode*, 'food.'

**eyes of prey** are 'eyes eager for booty.'

539. **lances**, i.e. mounted men bearing lances: cp. l. 600.

540. *hails*, 'greet' with a loud shout, so as to be heard at a distance and above the sound of the waves: the word is commonly used by sailors in the sense which we have here.

548. *be he dead*, 'if he be dead.'

549. *quicken him*, 'bring him to life.' Here the word is transitive, but in *Marriage of Geraint*, 535, it means 'come to life.' So also in Shakespeare it is found in both senses: e.g. *Tempest*, 3, 1, 6:—

'The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,'  
and *King Lear*, 3, 7, 38:—

'These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,  
Will quicken, and accuse thee.'

The word 'quick' means originally 'alive,' so we have 'the quick and the dead' (*Acts of the Apostles*, 10, 42); 'Thou'rt quick, but yet I'll bury thee' (*Shaksp. Timon*, 4, 3, 44).

550. *mar*, 'injure,' 'spoil'; used of the features also in *Lancelot and Elaine*, 246:—

'The great and guilty love he bore the Queen,  
In battle with the love he bare his lord,  
Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere his time.'

553. *An if* is a reduplicated form of 'if,' for 'an' by itself means 'if,' and is frequently so used by Tennyson.

557. *brawny*, 'muscular'; 'brawn' properly means 'muscle,' and of the Miller in Chaucer's *Prologue* it is said:—

'Ful big he was of braun, and eek of boones,'

but it comes from words which mean 'lump of flesh' (Old French *braon*), and is used in English also for 'boar's flesh.'

558. *Each growling etc.* The simile is vivid and picturesque, as usual, but less minutely applicable than most of Tennyson's comparisons. The resemblance is indeed almost confined to the growling, and that suggests the whole scene of the dog and the village boys, 'who love to vex him eating.' It is in short more Homeric than Virgilian in style.

564. *raid* means originally 'ride,' then 'expedition for plunder.'

565. *litter-bier*, that is something between a bed for a wounded man and a bier for dead body: 'bier' is from the stem of the verb 'bear.'

568. *All in the hollow etc.*, i.e. just as he was in the hollow of his shield, where they first placed him; as we use the word in such familiar phrases as 'he lay down all in his wet clothes.'

569. *naked*, see note on l. 604.

572. **settle** is a long bench with a high back, derived from 'sit' or 'set': cp. Germ. *sessel* (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*).

580 ff. Observe the force of this simple repetition of nearly the same words in the same form: see Introduction.

581. **chafing**: cp. note on l. 27.

583 ff. For the monotony of structure cp. ll. 600 ff. and *Marriage of Geraint*, 239 ff. Here it has a pathetic effect.

587. **And yet lay still** etc. He is convinced in his own heart that she loves him, and yet he chooses to try her so cruelly to the uttermost.

590. **in the falling afternoon**, i.e. late in the afternoon.

595. **doff'd**: 'doff' is 'do off,' as 'don' is 'do on,' 'do' meaning originally 'put': cp. Sanskrit *dha*. In older English 'did off' appears as the past tense.

600. **spears**, 'spearmen,' so 'lances' in l. 539: we speak of so many lances, sabres, or muskets, meaning such and such a force of cavalry or infantry, and so in Scott's *Waverley* Fergus Mac-Ivor reckons the available force of his clan at 'five hundred claymores.' For the succession of events marked by four successive lines beginning with 'And,' cp. l. 583 ff. and *Marriage of Geraint*, 239 ff.

601. **beeves**, 'oxen.' The singular 'beef' now means only the flesh of the ox, but formerly the animal itself, as the French *bœuf*.

604. **the naked hall**. This, the third repetition of the phrase, marks with emphasis the uncivilized character of the surroundings, the hall unadorned as a stable, and the men eating in it like horses.

610. **drooping**: cp. l. 257. We are reminded by this word of the 'blossom vermeil-white' which when we saw it first was just breaking from its sheath: see *Marriage of Geraint*, 364.

612. **out of her** etc., that is, he felt the influence of her beauty and of her sorrow.

615. **God's curse** is Doorm's characteristic oath, as 'sdeath' is Arac's in *The Princess*.

616. **Look yourself**, 'look like yourself.'

620. **so there lived** etc., 'if there lived': this use of 'so' is common in Tennyson (e.g. 'so ye care to learn,' *Coming of Arthur*, 183; 'so thou pass Beneath this archway,' *Gareth and Lynette*, 263): cp. 'so that' in *Mar. of Geraint*, 304.

621, 622. **There is not one ... Were fit**, 'there is not one who would be fit' etc.

624. **I will do** etc., 'I will do for you what I have never done yet for any other': he says he will take her in marriage and share his earldom with her.

627. *forage*, 'plunder': cp. note on l. 538.

631. *the old serpent*, 'the spirit of evil,' an expression taken from the Bible, *Revelation*, 12, 9:—'And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world.' The comparison to the withered leaf drawn in by the worm and made earth, is one of those close applications of well-observed natural phenomena in which Tennyson delights. The leaf must first be withered and decayed before it is drawn in by the worm, as the soul must have suffered corruption before it can be completely drawn down under the influence of the power of evil.

636. *their best*, 'the best of their sex.' .

640. *of your courtesy*: cp. *Gareth and Lynette*, 635:—

'having heard that Arthur of his grace  
Had made his goodly cousin, Tristram, knight.'

650 ff. With this passage compare the corresponding part of the Welsh story, which is followed on the whole very closely:—  
'Come then, said he, and eat. No, by Heaven, I will not, she answered. But by Heaven, thou shalt, said he. So he took her with him to the table against her will, and many times desired her to eat. I call Heaven to witness, said she, that I will not eat until the man that is upon yonder bier shall eat likewise. Thou canst not fulfil that, said the Earl, yonder man is dead already. I will prove that I can, said she. Then he offered her a goblet of liquor. Drink this goblet, he said, and it will cause thee to change thy mind. Evil betide me, she answered, if I drink aught until he drink also. Truly, said the Earl, it is of no more avail for me to be gentle with thee than ungentle. And he gave her a box on the ear. Thereupon she raised a loud and piercing shriek, and her lamentations were much greater than they had been before, for she considered in her mind that had Geraint been alive, he durst not have struck her thus.'

650. *cried out upon*: i.e. 'exclaimed against': so in *Maud*, 1, 12, 17:—

'I to cry out on pride  
Who have won her favour!'

(Cp. Shaksp. *As You Like It*, 2, 7, 70.) Shaksp. 1 *Henry IV.* 4, 3, 81:—

'Cries out upon abuses.'

651. *but*, 'nought but.'

652. *suddenly seized on her*: for the abruptness cp. note on l. 270.

659: *Lo! I, myself* etc. There is unconscious humour in the implied comparison both of persons and of moods, of the sorrow

which made Enid droop with the mood in which Doorm, flushed with fight or hot with anger, found himself scarce able to eat until he had well drunken.

670. *Girl, for I see* etc. This use of 'for' for 'since' is characteristic of the poet: cp. *Gareth and Lynette*, 330:—

'Yet, for the field was pleasant in our eyes,  
'We yielded not.'

Cp. Spenser, *Faery Queene*, 2, 3, 5:—

'But, for in Court gay portance he perceived  
And gallant show to be in greatest gree,  
Eftsoons to Court he cast t' advance his first degree.'

The use is like that of the Greek γάρ, and so is also Tennyson's use of 'for' to introduce a story, as:—

'Sir, for ye know that in King Uther's time,' etc.,  
*Coming of Arthur*, 184.

672. A repetition from l. 628.

674. *flout*. The verb to 'flout' is from the Dutch *fluyten*, 'to play the flute,' also 'to jeer.' Hence 'flout' means 'mockery.'

675. *Amazed am I*, etc. He is surprised at his own moderation.

676. *butt against*: the metaphor is from the idea of an animal, a heifer or a goat, which resists by butting with its forehead and horns. The word is from the same stem originally as 'beat,' but derived through French from Old High German.

679. *weed*, 'garment': hardly used in ordinary English now except in the expression 'widow's weeds,' but common in older English and in Shakspeare, e.g. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, 2, 1, 256:—

'Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in,'  
and 2, 2, 71:—

'Weeds of Athens he doth wear.'

There is no connection in derivation between this word and 'weed' meaning a useless herb.

683. Observe the repetition.

687. *like a shoaling sea*. As the sea becomes gradually shallower the colour would vary in certain lights from dark blue to green, and the transition might be delicately graduated so that it would be impossible to say where the blue ended and the green began: 'shoal' is the same word originally as 'shallow,' and 'shoaling' means 'getting shallower.'

690. *When all night long* etc. The cloud would cause the grass

to be thickly covered with drops of water, and when the sunlight struck upon these, they would flash like myriads of gems.

693. **harder to be moved** etc. The force of the simile is partly derived from its inappropriateness, so to speak. The contrast in temper between the gentle Enid and the man who having suffered long oppression and been hardened into cruelty has gained at length the upper hand of his enemies and will allow nothing to cheat him of his vengeance, has the effect of heightening the impression produced by the one point of similarity, namely, that she will not be moved from her purpose. We feel how intense the purpose must be which brings Enid to any degree of resemblance with such a person.

697. **In this poor gown.** Note the repetition of this form of words in the succeeding lines as an example of the method by which Tennyson often gives force and pathos to simple words: see Introduction, and notes to *Marriage of Geraint*, 50, *Geraint and Enid*, 420, 583.

709. **God,** i.e. 'in God's name' or 'for God's sake.'

722. **As of a wild thing** etc. A very vivid comparison.

726. The hurrying of the rhythm represents the rapid sweep of the sword.

727. **swarthy** properly means 'dark-coloured from heat,' from a stem meaning originally 'to burn,' hence of skin darkened by exposure to the sun.

730 ff. 'Then all left the board and fled away. And this was not so much through fear of the living, as through the dread they felt at seeing the dead rise up to slay them.'—*Mabinogion*.

736. **That trouble which** etc., i.e. 'trouble such as': cp. l. 11. He implies that he too has been a sufferer in her troubles.

741. **I heard you say.** He emphasises by repetition what seems to him the unanswerable justification of his suspicion.

742. He will not ask her meaning, no,—but he expects an explanation nevertheless; and she gives none, and can say no tender word just at this moment to one who has so doubted her; not that she bears resentment, but she simply feels 'dull and stupid at the heart,' and no spontaneous movement of tenderness can come just now.

752. **vassal**, 'subject'; French *vassal*, Low Latin *vasallus*, originally from Celtic *gwass*, 'youth,' 'servant.'

762. **since high in Paradise** etc. The reference is to the perfect and unbroken felicity of relations between man and wife, which

may be supposed to have existed in Paradise, if anywhere. The 'four rivers' are of course those spoken of in *Genesis*, 2, 10-14, as flowing in divers directions through the earth from the river which watered Eden.

766. Put hand to hand etc., i.e. encircled him with her arms, joining her hands beneath his heart.

769. Like that which etc. The comparison is suggested by the former reference to Eden. In *Genesis*, 2, 5, 6, we are told that before God caused it to rain on the earth, 'there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.'

770. the useful trouble, because rain is often troublesome by its violence or excess, though at the same time useful. The mist may be conceived to have been a milder and pleasanter way of watering the earth, and so this mist which came over Enid's eyes was a milder and happier way of expressing her emotion than a burst of tears.

774, 775. laid his lance in rest. See note on *Marriage of Geraint*, 496.

778. Slay not a dead man : 'Oh, chieftain, whoever thou art, what renown wilt thou gain by slaying a dead man?' exclaims Enid in the Welsh story to Gwiffert Petit, who is about to attack them (under a mistake) soon after they leave the castle of the Earl.

782. him who gave you life : see *Marriage of Geraint*, 574 ff.

786 f. Notice how the address is changed from Geraint to Enid and then back to Geraint again. The latter change, occurring in a dependent clause, is rather remarkable.

788. chastens, like 'chastise,' comes originally from Latin *castus*, 'pure,' and means 'make pure' or 'keep pure' by punishment. It is therefore used for that kind of punishment which aims at correction.

792, 793. Now made a knight ... And since etc., i.e. 'Now since I have been made a knight ... and since I formerly knew this Earl,' i.e. Doorm.

797. Disband himself, 'dismiss his band.'

802. knoll, cp. *Marriage of Geraint*, 162.

803. aghast, see note on l. 18.

809. that other, 'the other,' i.e. Geraint : cp. l. 7. He is conscious that his actions are not such as will bear examination as regards their motive, though in outward form they may seem to be a fulfilment of the promise given to the King.

810. halted, 'hesitated' : 'halt' means properly 'go lame,' a different word from 'halt' meaning 'stop' : cp. :—

'He seems as one whose footsteps halt' (*Will*, 15).

In Shakspeare, *Cymbeline*, 3, 5, 92, it is used as here of hesitation in speech :—

'No further halting : satisfy me home  
What is become of her.'

812. **After madness acted** etc. He feared questions which would compel him to confess how madly he had acted.

817. **the bandit**, collective for 'bandits': for etymology, see *Marriage of Geraint*, 35.

820. **In a hollow land** etc. She fears him as men fear fresh outbursts of volcanic force in a land which, though it seems as safe as other lands, is known to be 'hollow,' to have, as it were, furnaces beneath, because in old time fires have broken out from it.

826. **My nature's prideful sparkle** : the spark of pride, which blown by passion broke into flame ; cp. *Marriage of Geraint*, 273. For 'sparkle in the blood' cp. Shakspeare 3 *Henry VI.* 1, 1, 184 :—

"In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides."

828. **wrought**, 'worked.'

830. **one main purpose**, i.e. that which is mentioned below, ll. 838-844.

834. **wax'd**, 'grew.'

841. **answer'd Heaven**, looked fearlessly to Heaven, reflecting its colour and its purity.

856. **waiting**, 'expecting.'

859 ff. Cp. *Guinevere*, 39 :—

'In those days  
No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn.'

864. **Dubric** : see note on *Marriage of Geraint*, 838.

867. **makes a man**, cp. the Winchester motto 'Manners makyth Man,' in which however 'manners' does not mean quite the same as 'gentleness.' For the value of gentle manners cp. *Guinevere*, 332 :—

'For manners are not idle, but the fruit  
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.'

883. **kiss'd her**. The kiss of Enid by the King, when Geraint first brought her home, is one of the prominent incidents of the French romance, the King being privileged on this occasion to kiss any lady he would, because he had slain the white hawk. The kiss here is the only one recorded by Tennyson, and it has no such special significance.



889. I was prick'd with some reproof: see *Marriage of Geraint*, 39 f.

890. stagnate, like water, which becomes fouler because left undisturbed and stagnant.

891. thro' alien eyes, i.e. 'the eyes of others' instead of my own.

892. delegated: a delegate is one who is appointed to do something in place of some superior, who gives him commission to do it for him. Arthur reproaches himself with having trusted to the reports and the action of others instead of seeing with his own eyes and working with his own hands.

894. Cp. *Marriage of Geraint*, 39.

902, 903. the vicious quitch Of blood and custom. Quitch or quitch-grass, also called couch grass, is a plant of the wheat kind, which is common in Europe and North America. It is perennial, and has long creeping roots, which make it extremely difficult of extirpation. In some places it is grown for pasture in loose sandy soils, but in others it is chiefly known as a troublesome weed. Here the metaphor is of weeding land, the faults to be extirpated being both 'of blood and custom,' that is, both natural and acquired by evil habit.

914. Than if some knight of mine etc. The reference is of course to Geraint's own feats, which he feels are 'neither great nor wonderful.' 'My subject with my subjects under him' is an exact description of the position of the tributary prince, and the single onslaught on a realm of robbers, in which he had risked his life and his wife's honour, is censured by implication as rash and unreasonable.

922. leech, 'physician,' from a stem meaning 'heal.' Hence also the species of worm which is used to draw blood is called a leech, that is a 'healer.'

926. genial, 'pleasant,' coming through French from Latin *genialis*, which has the same meaning, a meaning derived probably from the idea of agreement with one's natural disposition, the *genius* of a person being his spiritual counterpart, representing his natural disposition in a kind of abstract way. Here 'the genial courses of his blood' stand for those channels of feeling which formerly were poisoned by jealousy and distrust, but now are being filled with pure streams of love: the epithet is therefore rather anticipative, 'fill'd the courses of his blood and made them flow genially.'

<sup>a</sup> 928. As the south-west etc. Bala lake is in Wales, and out <sup>te</sup> it flows the river Dec, at first in a north-easterly direction. The south-west wind blows from end to end of the lake, and as <sup>all</sup> it drives the water to the north-east it would more and more

fill the channel of the river. The Dee was by the ancient Britons accounted a sacred stream, and its name, Deva, perhaps means 'divine.' Milton in *Lycidas* speaks of Deva's 'wizard stream' in the same sense. As to 'south-west' for 'south-west wind' cp. *Gareth and Lynette*, 1117 :—

'Loud south-westerns rolling ridge on ridge';

but this use of 'south-western' for S.W. wind is common in ordinary language, whereas 'south-west' is poetical.

930. **Jay healing**, i.e. 'lay a-healing,' as we say 'the house was building' (for 'a-building'), in which expressions 'healing' and 'building' are verbal nouns, and 'a-healing' is for 'on healing,' like 'asleep' (for 'on sleep'), 'abed,' 'afire' etc. •

933. **guard the justice**, 'administer the laws' of the King, as opposed to those of each petty baron : cp. *Gareth and Lynette*, 373 :—

'According to the justice of the king.'

935. **Men weed the white horse** : still the metaphor is from weeding, but this time for a different purpose. 'The white horse on the Berkshire hills' is the gigantic figure of a horse made on the side of a hill by cutting away the turf (and so leaving exposed the white chalk beneath), which commemorates the victory of Ashdown gained by the English under Alfred over the Danes, in the year 871. The hill on which it is cut is called from it the White Horse Hill. The white horse was the emblem of the Saxons or English, as the dragon of the Britons and the raven of the Danes. So in *Guinevere*, 15 :—

'the Lords of the White Horse  
Heathen, the brood by Hengist left.'

To keep the figure of the horse white and clean, it is regularly weeded, and this is the operation referred to here.

938. **wink'd at**, 'shut his eyes to.' 'To wink' is properly 'to move the eyelids quickly,' hence as here of shutting the eyes for a moment.

A distinction is made between those officers who had allowed wrong to be done from mere sloth, and those, more guilty, who had received bribes to let it pass.

940. **With hearts and hands**, that is, with the will to do right and also the energy to carry their will into effect.

942. **Clear'd the dark places** etc., as sunlight is let in by clearing away trees in a forest : cp. *Coming of Arthur*, 58 ff. :—

'Then he drave

The heathen ; after, slew the beast, and fell'd  
The forest, letting in the sun, and made

Broad pathways for the hunter and the knight  
And so returned.'

There however the clearing of the forest is a literal fact, here it is metaphorical.

950. **breathed upon.** The metaphor is from the dulling of bright or transparent things, as metal or glass, by breathing upon them.

953 f. Repeated from *M. of Geraint*, 44 f.

957. **the spiteful whisper** is that mentioned in *M. of Geraint*, 56 ff.

966. **fēalty**, 'fidelity.'

967, 968. **fell Against the heathen** etc. See note on *M. of Geraint*, 1. The heathen of the Northern Sea are the Saxons.

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